

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Every Friday 1d.

A FLYING MAN'S WALK IN THE CLOUDS

HERO OF THE WIRELESS ROOM

GREAT DRAMA PLAYED OUT ON THE OCEAN

Patriotism of Duncan Smith

The wireless operator's room at sea is the home of heroism. It feels out across the sea for danger, finds it, and braves it. In that room the coward is altogether out of place.

But every operator would not have the sharpness and boldness needed for making his work dangerous in order to serve his country. That is what Duncan Smith did on the steamship Edna, out from San Francisco to carry coals to the German cruiser Leipzig in the early days of the war.

Smith knew that the coal was meant for the Germans, and, as a loyal Englishman, he determined to prevent its delivery, though a German wireless operator had been put aboard to watch him and help him. The German did not understand the Marconi system, and so Smith threw the mechanism out of gear.

For three nights and two days the German operator tried in vain to call up the Leipzig. Then at last the ship appeared in sight. Smith hastily put the mechanism right, so that when a skilful electrician came aboard from the war vessel the alteration was not discovered. But when the vessels drew apart he again threw the apparatus out of gear.

It was a bold stand to make for his country on a hostile ship, where punishment might be sudden and secret.

FROZEN ON THE ALPS

Conqueror Conquered at Last SAD END OF A PILOT

One of the first great feats of Italian airmen was to fly over the Alps, and loudly they rejoiced when they had crossed safely its wide array of ice-crowned ridges. Now the mountains have taken their toll of the brave, as they were sure to do sooner or later.

Captain Palli, one of the most noted of Italian airmen, who had won his fame in 140 raids over the enemies' lines, has been conquered at last, in time of peace, by the deadly Alpine chill. He was flying across the range as he had often flown before when engine trouble compelled him to descend on a glacier 9000 feet above sea-level.

Then came a brave attempt to make his way on foot down the winter-clad heights to the inhabited valley. Evidently, from the tracks that have been traced, he struggled through the snow, foodless and chilled for a whole day, falling and rising and struggling on again till at last he lay down and slept to death within 200 yards of the highest house in the valley.

Great are the rewards of bravery when it thrills every heart, but at times it pays a heavy price, and all the world will give the tribute of a sigh as it learns the close of Captain Palli's heroic story.

The Big Four & the Little Peoples



POLISH DELEGATES EXPLAINING OUTSIDE THE PEACE CONFERENCE WHY THEIR TOWNS SHOULD NOT BE SWALLOWED UP IN THE NEW REPUBLIC OF BOHEMIA



WHO SHALL RULE THESE CHILDREN OF FIUME?—ITALY AND THE SOUTHERN SLAVS ARE BOTH CLAIMING THE ADRIATIC PORT

THE EYES IN THE NIGHT—SIBERIAN FOREST TALE

An extraordinary story has been told in court of a woman who, returning home at night, saw the eyes of two intruding men shining in her dark house. As one of the men, if not both, had his face blackened, perhaps the strange experience is explained.

But there is a grimmer story than this to be told. Miss Marsden was a noble woman who devoted her life to ministering to the lepers in Siberia. Her self-imposed duties took her far from her own home, and at all hours. One night, as she was returning from

a long journey, she saw lights gleaming; the lighted windows of wayside houses; she thought. Being weary, she suggested to the driver that they should halt for the night at one of the houses. "Madam," said he, "those are not distant houses; they are the eyes of wolves!"

The lens of the eye collects such light-rays as are to be gathered in what we call darkness; and anyone who has seen the eyes of a cat, green and luminous in the dark, can imagine the sight Miss Marsden beheld in the gloom of the Siberian forest.

DEATHLESS DEEDS OF DYING MEN

THE MAN WHO SAVED BEATTY'S FLAGSHIP

How the Magazine Door was Shut

SUFFERING FRIEND OF DOCTORS

Never will the full story be told. The deathless deeds of the men who saved the world leap to light one by one. Here are three tales of men who served their country and died like conquerors.

One of them was a friend of Admiral Beatty—Commander Gibbs, who died in the Iris at Zeebrugge. Just before he left on that great night he sent a note to the admiral to say that he was going on a most hazardous expedition, and that he was the happiest man on earth. He went, he did his work—and died.

Another man was a Canadian, a dying soldier. He was one of the first men killed by gas; and when our scientists went out to France to find the secrets of the poison gas, this dying man was their best friend. His legs were blown off, but he told his story calmly like a hero, and then he said: "Cut off my tunic buttons and take my bayonet, and you will see how the gas is made." They took his bayonet, and the effect of the gas on the steel led them to the discovery of the first means used to protect our men.

How Poison Gas Was Conquered

It succeeded well—so that after 26 trials they conquered, and out of 35,000 men drenched with gas, only two died.

There was another hero whose name we happily know. Nobody knows how great a part he may have played in the war, for the thing he did in a critical hour may have had consequences greater than we know. It was at Jutland, when the pick of our ships were going down. Queen Mary, the wonder ship of the Navy, sank immediately. The Indefatigable followed her, and the Invincible sank in her path. Then twelve shells hit the Lion, the flagship of Admiral Beatty.

They put a gun-house out of action, and fire, leaping down the ammunition hoists, killed all the men in the magazine and all the shell-room parties. With flames raging among the ammunition, a few seconds would have sent the Lion and her dauntless admiral to the bottom of the sea.

Man Who Forgot Himself

But close by the magazine an officer lay dying. He was Major Harvey of the Royal Marines. The dying man grasped the situation. He saw that in a minute the flagship would be doomed. All the strength of his mind and all the strength of his poor body came to him in that great moment. He forgot his agony. He raised himself, and gave the order to shut the doors of the magazine and flood it. It was done; and the Lion brought Admiral Beatty home again and endured till victory.

The gallant major lost his life and won the V.C., and he won immortal fame by his golden deed.

Fastest Country in the Air

FLYING POSTMEN, POLICE, AND FARMERS

Will the Little Airship Win the Race
for the Mastery of the Clouds?

HUGE FLYING BOATS AT SEA & LITTLE AEROPLANES IN STREETS

No remarkable progress in flying speed was made during the war. The flight of the French aviator, Gilbert, from Paris to Damgarten, on November 31, 1913, was the best of its kind; he did 125 miles an hour for 593 miles, using an engine of weak power compared with the motors invented during the war. An additional speed of 10 or 20 miles an hour was afterwards slowly obtained, mainly with French or Italian engines.

Now, at last, British designers and motor-makers have lifted their country to the proud position of being by far the fastest country in the air. The Paris to London flight, over a distance of 250 miles, is now being done in 80 minutes. No special machine is employed in running from England to France at a speed of over three miles a minute. The work is performed by one of the De Havilland machines.

WILL THE LITTLE AIRSHIP WIN?

Now that our authorities seem to have settled on the policy of building huge rigid airships, a champion of little floating aircraft comes forward to show the advantages of smaller ships of the air. As he took over the design and production of large and small airships in our country at the outbreak of war, and did more than anybody else to develop British airships, his views must be placed against General Seely's.

He states that six non-rigid airships can be built for the same price as one rigid vessel of equivalent power, and that for many commercial purposes there is much to be gained by using a number of small ships instead of one large vessel. Small ships can rise and work on many days when a monster would be weather-bound, and also, having a lighter structure, the non-rigid ship has more lifting power.

According to this authority, Colonel Cave-Browne-Cave, the cheapest way of carrying cargoes through the air is to build airship tugs for towing a number of air barges. Large weights of material can be conveyed in this way.

STREET AIR CARS

Captain D'Annunzio, the son of the flying poet of Italy, is introducing into the United States a new terror to life. He has a machine with a wing spread of less than 20 feet, and a cheap engine that can carry a man at 50 miles an hour for over two hours. The machine can land in the narrow space of an ordinary street. As it is selling at the low price of £240, it is being bought largely by the Americans; but we may doubt whether the street air car will be welcomed by the public, or allowed by the authorities.

THE FLYING BOAT

The huge flying boat invented by Colonel Porte, in his secret works near Felixstowe, seems the most promising of the heavy machines for service in regular traffic across seas and oceans and along wide waterways.

Colonel Porte was working on a machine for crossing the Atlantic in 1914, but stopped and devoted himself to the task of defeating enemy submarines by means of his powerful flying boat. Entering the naval air service, he worked in absolute secrecy; but it was not till 1917 that the Porte boats tracked nearly 70 submarines and destroyed 44.

But, with all its fine war services, the flying boat remains specially fitted for the work for which it was first designed—the crossing of the Atlantic. It can work in weather too bad for ordinary flying machines and airships,

and can descend and move like a boat over the waves, "taxying" at high speed like a flying machine on ground.

Thanks to its strength in bad weather, and its special devices against accidents, the flying boat is likely to be used in both North Sea and Atlantic travel, and to come largely into service in the Mediterranean. The Royal Air Force may use it for the Anglo-American aerial mail service.

THE FLYING FARMER

Mr. Pierpont Morgan, the famous banker, has a great cattle ranch in Montana where there are few roads, and the manager cannot oversee all the work. He has been provided with a flying-machine to enable him to skim about the great farm.

FLIGHT TO AUSTRALIA

The big Handley Page "Carthusian" has at last completed her journey from Ipswich to Lahore, with Captain Halley as pilot. There was some trouble with the engines owing to the extreme heat and to the sand rising from the desert between Karachi and Delhi; but the final stages in this historic flight of 7000 miles were marked by nothing unusual, except wild, popular excitement in the Punjab, where great crowds flocked to see the wonder-bird. From Delhi to Umballa took two hours, and Umballa to Lahore two and a half.

Meanwhile, an accident has befallen Brigadier-General Borton and Captain Ross Smith, who are surveying the aerial line from Calcutta to Rangoon, which will be extended to Singapore, and then carried over the East Indies to North-western Australia. Off Chittagong, a fire broke out on the surveying boat, causing an explosion, in which six men were injured, and all the notes and plans of the surveying expedition were destroyed. The officers are doing the work over again.

THE FLYING POSTMEN

The French have started an aerial post between Paris and Bordeaux, two machines covering the 330 miles. The Farman firm is running a weekly passenger service between Paris and Brussels, and in the aerial department of the Peace Conference arrangements are being made for flying connections between Alsace-Lorraine and Bohemia and Poland.

As at present mapped out, Strassburg and Prague will be linked, with midway landing places in Germany, and there will be an extension to Warsaw. Italy may also be united to Bohemia by an aerial line through Padua and Vienna to Prague.

There does not seem any likelihood of a regular postal service being at present established in the British Isles. England is unfortunate for flying weather, and for an average of five months in the year fog, mist, and thick rain, with high winds, make flying uncertain and unsafe. It is our great Imperial lines, running through regions of cloudless sky, that will probably serve most to develop our commercial air forces.

SEASIDE FLIGHTS

Arrangements are being made for passenger flights from Folkestone this summer. Machines will carry four passengers to other coast towns and to Boulogne. Pleasure excursions in the air will be an attraction at Cleethorpes, and probably at Blackpool and other holiday resorts.

Aircraft companies are seeking for the licence of the Air Ministry and the consent of enterprising town councils, and air police forces are being formed in Great Britain and America.

INSECT ATTACK ON ST. PAUL'S

A Difficult Campaign

The war which has been going on for years in Westminster Hall is now being carried to St. Paul's.

At Westminster men are battling with the insects for the preservation of the fine timber roof. Each beam of the roof is being taken out and treated by spraying with poison. It is then restored to its position in the roof. The principal difficulty in preserving the roof from the further depredations of the insects was due to the fact that no poison could be used which would discolour the woodwork, and nothing like arsenic could be utilised as it would have poisoned the atmosphere.

The same problem has now to be faced at St. Paul's Cathedral, where the timberwork has also been found to be badly attacked, but fortunately here the difficulty is less, as the woodwork affected is out of sight, and it does not matter what poison is used.

SALMON IMPERIL SHIPS

We read the other day of a wonderful glut of salmon in a Californian canal; now Sir George Foster, Canadian Minister of Commerce, has been speaking of the salmon of Fraser River, and his story brings to mind the miraculous draught of fishes in the Bible.

Salmon in Fraser River, he says, are so numerous and tightly wedged in the water at certain seasons, that the river steamers often have their paddles choked by them, and throw them on deck in such great numbers as actually to endanger the vessel.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S SIN

The rat-killing campaign is in full swing on Sundays in many parts of the country. Sir Isaac Newton would have been horrified at the idea. Not that he himself was faultless. A notebook of confessions which he wrote down was discovered a few years ago, and in it he asked Divine pardon for "making a mouse-trap on Thy day." Stranger still, Sir Isaac, who revolutionised knowledge by study started by the fall of an apple, pleads for forgiveness for "eating an apple at Thy house."

NEW ATTACK ON THE NORTH POLE

Captain Roald Amundsen, the first man to reach the South Pole, is busy on his campaign for following Commodore Peary to the North Pole. The Norwegian Parliament has voted him £1125 to buy stores of food, and his friend Knud Rasmussen is leaving for Greenland this month, to begin laying down the depots of stores.

In the last letter received from Amundsen he asks that after he has crossed the North Pole and reached land at Cape Columbia, in Grant's Land, he may find there awaiting him stone buildings containing food, surrounded by protective barbed wire to keep back animals, and outside them "small stone men" pointing north.

THE BAKER'S SUNDAY

Why bread gets stale has been explained by a Dutch scientist named Katz. He has found that bread can be kept fresh for two days if placed in a special oven kept at a certain heat, and that the staleness of bread is not due, as we have always thought, to its becoming dry. Thus a baker could keep loaves baked on Saturday morning perfectly fresh till Monday by keeping them in an oven at a temperature of 140 degrees—about twice what is called "moderate heat." Bread at the temperature of liquid air kept quite fresh. Does this mean a free Sunday for the baker?

THE EDITOR'S LETTERS

New editions of Arthur Mee's Letters to Boys and Letters to Girls have just been published by Hodder & Stoughton. Each volume is 2s. net.

AN EGG IN A GRAIN OF WHEAT

EXTRAORDINARY STORY OF THE WEEVIL

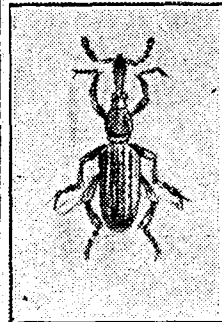
Attack on Millions of Tons of Human Food

SMALL RIVALS OF MAN

One of the great enemies of the world is the weevil, a small beetle one-sixth of an inch long, with a curved beak. This tiny creature attacks wheat, and lays an egg in every grain of wheat it bores.

How dangerous it is to the world is well shown by Professor Maxwell Lefroy, of the Imperial College of Science in

London, who went out to Australia last year to investigate the condition of the wheat crop stored out there. Owing to lack of shipping an immense quantity of wheat, weighing millions of tons, was piled up in Australia, and it lay so long that it was found to be seriously damaged.



The Corn Weevil

Two hundred million bushels were ready for shipment, stacked in sacks on a flooring of old railway sleepers with a corrugated iron roof overhead.

The Weevil Stands on its Head

First the mice got at the wheat and destroyed some of the sacks; then the roof collapsed, allowing the rain to enter; and when the ground was covered with loose, damp grain the wheat weevil began to multiply and played havoc with this immense store of human food.

It was to inspect this wheat that Professor Lefroy went out, and fortunately he was able to devise a machine which separated the weevils from the wheat grains. Although the eggs could not be extracted from the grain the professor was able to assure the Australian Government that the eggs would not do much harm, as they were killed by heating the grain to a high temperature.

So far science has found no satisfactory way of dealing with this destructive creature. Hitherto the only method of utterly destroying it has been to subject it to great heat, but this, unfortunately, spoiled the wheat. Electricity has been tried, but while a current of 40,000 volts made the weevils stand either on their heads or on their tails, even 60,000 volts could not kill them; they always came up smiling afterwards.

More Dangerous than Germany

The more man increases and improves his food supplies, the more do the insect pests that destroy them increase in numbers and spread the area of their evil work. To fight them down is one of the greatest tasks confronting science in the future.

We may not have thought it very necessary that serious warfare should be waged against insect pests in our gardens and orchards, but such creatures as these are far more dangerous than the Germans, for they threaten not merely man's liberty but his very existence. They are, in fact, the only creatures which now seriously contest with man the dominion of the earth. The larger animals have been killed or reduced to almost harmless numbers; the mosquito has been beaten, the fly is losing the war; but everywhere the small insect pests that attack our food plants are an increasing menace.

SWEETER NOTTINGHAM

Nottingham is to be a sweeter city. It has abolished the insanitary sanitary system which has long disgraced the town, and is pulling down 4000 slum houses. We congratulate the city.

C. B. FRY'S LETTERS TO MATES

5. Doing What Must be Done

My dear Mates, An important point is this. All of us, if we are to be any good, *must* do things we do not like.

Now, half the battle of life is won, nay more, if once we learn how to do well things we do not like. This is my medicine. And I wish I had taken regular doses of it myself all my life. My word, what? . . . but there!

My medicine is a certain cure, the only cure I know. It is just this. If you do not like doing a thing, simply make a fine art of doing it to perfection. Then you are home, because you forget your dislike of the thing in the pleasure no man is ever without when he is being a real artist.

Now, washing up dirty plates, cleaning buckets, mending clothes, scrubbing decks, keeping one's temper, holding one's tongue, and all similar troublesome things, can be made pleasant to do if only one makes an art, a fine art, of them. Be an artist, and you beat the bogey. Even trying does the trick, for the dulness and unpleasantness evaporate in the brightness and warmth of trying to succeed. This is a tremendous tip; stick it on your cue. You will make big breaks—of bothers.

Danger of Having No Ideals

Now, I have been praising practice to you. A word of warning.

Lots of people pride themselves on being practical. They scoff at theory and at ideals, and so on. Give *them* good practical common sense.

Well, they say that the road to ruin is paved with good intentions; but I say these are rough, projecting stones that one can grip, and so stop our swift glissade. And I say, too, that what lubricates, oils, "slipperifies," and renders dangerous the downward slope is—just what? Just practical common sense.

Of course, I do not mean the right kind of common sense; I mean the common kind of practical common sense—the kind that sees no use in ideals.

Why, good gracious me, even a fool can see that all good doing is based on good thinking. You cannot have good practice without good theory; and you cannot have good practice without ideals. Great deeds without great thoughts never were and never will be.

Of course, again, it is no good having ideals, if you do not try to put them into practice. That is the companion folly to believing that tremendous practicalness without ideals will win anything and everything; it will win nothing worth having from Life.

Dream Great Dreams

No bridge was ever yet built which did not exist first as a thought in the mind of the engineer. No beautiful bridge was ever built or thought out except in the soul of an engineer who could dream dreams.

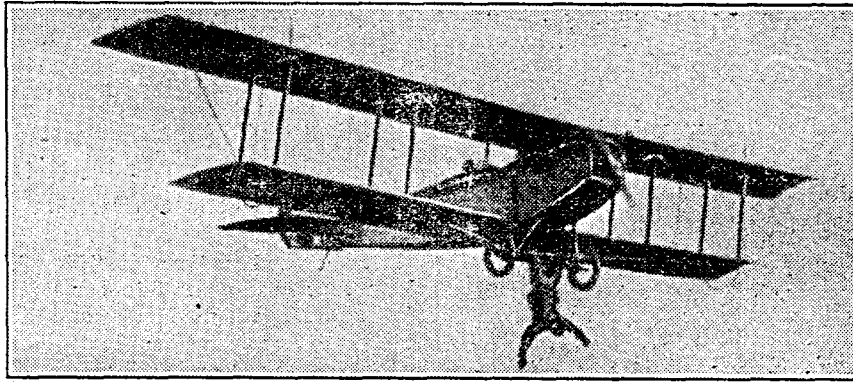
My mate, my son, my daughter, you must dream fine dreams, you must think great thoughts, you must do big things, if you are to be much use; neither one nor the other of these things, but all.

And, look you, the place for all this is not in the sunset-clouds, not over the blue hills far away; but just here. There is only one place to play this game—just where you are now. That is the only pitch for the match; there is no other. It is the humble things of daily life that will make you or mar you. That is the task, there is the battlefield, there is the victory, leading where you like—to success, fame, and honour.

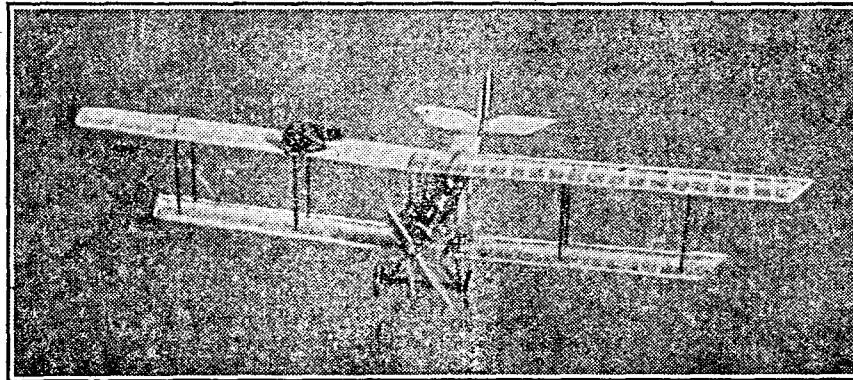
You may not move far on the path. But you will move in no other carriage; so jump straight in. C. B. F.

AMAZING FEATS OF THE PILOTS

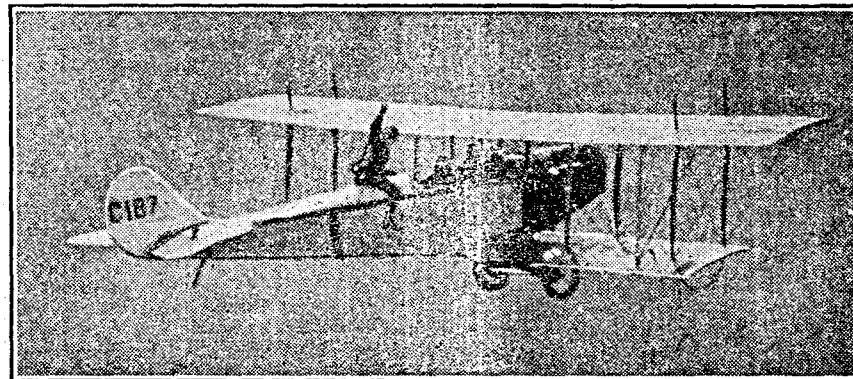
Remarkable Scenes of Daring Witnessed from Aeroplanes Up in the Clouds



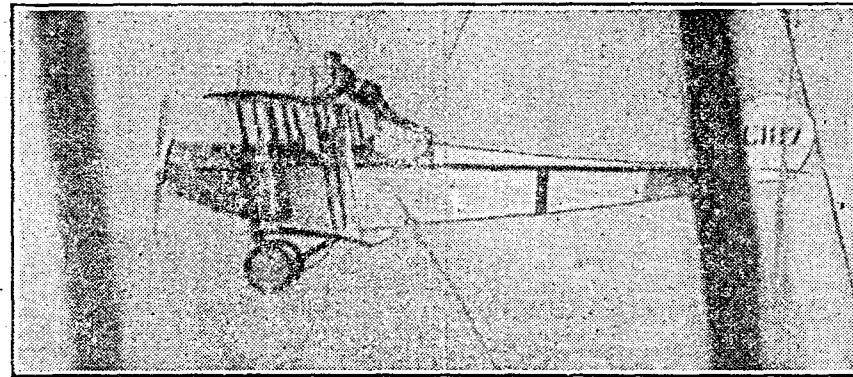
A pilot changes aeroplanes in mid-air. Suspending himself head downwards from a rod, he hung while another aeroplane came up beneath him, as seen below



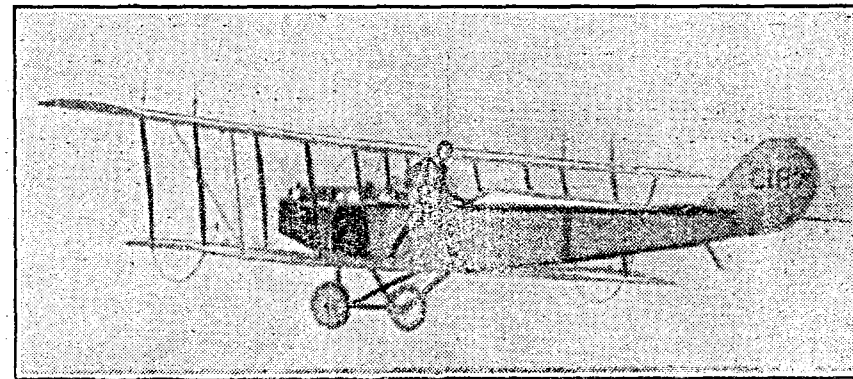
The pilot seen above is here on the top wing of the aeroplane that came up to receive him. This amazing feat was performed by Lieut. Locklear in Texas, at a height of 500 feet



Waving to the camera at a height of 2000 feet



The observer seen walking round the 'plane in the photograph below, Lieut. Ballough, is here rising from his seat and changing places with the pilot



Walking round the 'plane when nearly half a mile high

THESE ASTOUNDING SCENES, SHOWING THE GROWING CONFIDENCE OF THE FLYING MEN IN THE NEW WORLD OF AIR, WERE PHOTOGRAPHED FROM OTHER AEROPLANES IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA

NEWS FROM THE SKY

Strange Ghosts of the Air

ODD SIGHTS FROM A HANDLEY PAGE

By Our Correspondent in the Clouds

Whenever there is a gathering of airmen and yarns are being spun, the talk is sure to turn to the mystery 'planes. As old salts tell weird tales of ghostly ships that, captainless and crewless, sail in never-ending circles the horizons of the world, so the airmen tell of strange aeroplanes looming suddenly out of the clouds for a brief moment, only to vanish silently again into trackless space.

Nearly every pilot of long standing has had such encounters, especially those who have flown in Eastern skies.

One day, when cruising above the clouds some ten thousand feet from earth, I looked down at the cloud bank beneath me. The sun was gilding my machine; and doubtless it made a brave show in the morning sun, but what I saw below made me gasp for wonder.

The Aeroplane in a Sea of Colour

In a circle of rainbows I saw the dim outline of a machine moving slowly through the sea of colour in which there was an endless ebb and flow of varying tones and tints. I would that I had been able to stop and enjoy the spectacle, for never in my flying have I encountered a sight more glorious.

What happens in such a case is, of course, quite obvious. The cloud had acted as a looking-glass, reflecting my machine, and the colours were produced by the sun shining on the moisture.

But what of this other strange sight? I had been flying through a light mist, and had lost my way. On emerging I hastened to take my bearings so that I could land and find where I was. I was at a height of 4000 feet. Looking down in search of a likely place to land, I saw, to my delight, two or three aeroplanes at rest beneath me. Evidently I had had the luck to drop on to an aerodrome, where I could ascertain my position and do a little overhauling to my engine; and I descended, turning my eyes for a moment or two to my indicators.

When I looked again for the 'planes below, they had completely vanished, and only the bare earth met my astonished eyes! Still, down I went, but on landing safely I found no trace either of the machines or of an aerodrome; and I ascended and found my way home.

Machines that Come and Go

This story may sound incredible, but I have heard of many pilots who can tell such stories from their own experience. I have never heard the explanation; but my recollection of the experience is vivid, and will never fade. Of the mystery of stationary aeroplanes one could perhaps offer an explanation, for it is natural that, when flying 3000 feet above another plane, in the same direction and at the same speed, the machine below should seem to be stationary and resting on the ground; but for the actual disappearance of machines I can think of no explanation.

When flying, an airman often sees another machine pass just in front, but should he remove his eyes from it only for a second, it will often disappear from his vision; and search the sky as he will, no trace of it can he find. I have many times known this happen, and it is the best demonstration I know of the necessity of carrying an observer.

Some day, no doubt, science will give us explanations of these mysteries. Men who spend their days in the boundless spaces—airmen and seamen and prairie men—are used to mysteries; but in the end they find that science has its explanation for them all. R. G.

APRIL RAINS

Why They Fall and What They Do

NATURE GIVES US WHAT WE NEED

By Our Weather Correspondent

Rain is one of our best friends. There is not a single person or animal or plant in the world that could live without water. If there were no more rain all our water would quickly run into the sea, and our taps and pumps would soon be dry. It would be difficult to fetch all the water we need from the sea and put it in the places where we want it, and, in any case, there is so much salt in seawater that we could not drink it, and most plants would die if watered with it.

Now, Nature has a wonderful way of carrying water wherever it is wanted, and not only of carrying it, but at the same time of making it fresh and sweet and clean. For all the rain which falls out of the sky has been lifted up there first from the sea and lakes by the power of the sun, while all the salt and dirt in it have been left behind.

This is not all. If there were no rain all the refuse and waste matter, like dead plants, would mostly remain on the ground, and the air we breathe would get full of dust, so that we should soon be poisoned with it. Rain washes the air and the ground clean and carries the dust and dirt into the earth, where it makes the soil rich and gives the plants the food they like best.

Spring Showers

In March and April rain is specially useful, for then the plants are beginning to wake up, hungry after their long winter sleep. Plants want something else besides the food the spring rains will bring to them; they want also warm sunshine to help them to grow. So Nature, very clever at finding out just what is needed, usually sends the spring rains in short showers; and directly the rain stops out comes the sun, shining brightly till another shower begins. All through the early spring we get these gentle rains and peeps of sunshine.

Though the spring rains come often, the quantity of water which falls is not usually large, so that March is nearly the driest month of the year. The soil is moist after the winter when there was so little sunshine. To help to dry the ground, if it is too wet, Nature sends sometimes in spring cold, biting east and north winds, bringing the icy air from the Arctic seas. As the ground gets dry the east winds gradually leave off. Winds which blow from the south or west are usually damp, and they come chiefly in the autumn and winter.

Perhaps you thought rain came by chance; but nothing comes by chance, and in all these things Nature has thought out wonderful ways of giving us what is really good for us. C. S.

Newspaper Notes and Queries

What are Quarter Sessions? Quarterly meetings of magistrates in a county and in some boroughs, to try, without a jury, more serious cases of crime than can be tried in police courts or petty sessions.

What is a Spartacist? A member of the extreme faction of German Socialists, similar to the Russian Bolsheviks. They take their name from Spartacus, who, in the century before Christ, led a rebellion of runaway slaves in Italy, and fought as a gladiator in the Coliseum.

What is the Ukraine? Four inland provinces of Russia in the basin of the River Dnieper—Podolia, Kiev, Poltava, and Kharkov—unitedly forming a district called Little Russia, and speaking the Little Russian dialect. It has now formed itself into a Ukraine Republic.

What is a White Elephant? Something which looks fine, but is costly and useless, as a white elephant. Formerly in Siam a white elephant was regarded as sacred, and must not be used; but it had a ruinous appetite.

A LIGHT THAT LASTS FOR YEARS

Setting Radium Free for Humanity

A wonderful substitute for radium, which can be used for many purposes for which radium is used, has been discovered.

It is called mesothorium, and has been known for some years, though not as a radium-substitute. It is much cheaper than radium, and for such purposes as making watch figures luminous it serves the purpose of radium almost equally well. It is of no use for healing purposes, but its great value is that it will release for medical use a great deal of the existing radium now used for minor purposes.

For luminous purposes the life of mesothorium is only five or six years, as against thousands of years for radium; but even so it is helpful to have a substance which remains luminous for so long, and the release of more radium for its more precious purposes is a benefit to suffering humanity.

THE CAPITAL OF THE WORLD

It has been suggested by Major David Davies, M.P., that Constantinople should be made the capital of the League of Nations. Eight cities, he says, have claims to be the world's capital:

1. Constantinople.
2. Jerusalem.
3. Rome.
4. Brussels.
5. Geneva.
6. The Hague.
7. Versailles.
8. Strassburg.

Major Davies thinks Constantinople by far the best world-city for the League, chiefly on these grounds:

1. It is the meeting-place of East and West.
2. It has a great history and picturesque.
3. It is free from the atmosphere of intrigue and secret diplomacy of the European capitals.
4. Its future is a difficult problem in any case.
5. It can easily be put in a position of strong defence.
6. Its access to the sea is invaluable for the League.

It would be a great blessing to the world if this great city, with all the wonder of the Past that it contains, could be made the capital of the Future, with all the hope it holds.



CLEMENCEAU, "THE TIGER OF FRANCE"

"The Tiger" is the French people's name for their great fighting Prime Minister

ALIVE 25,000,000 YEARS AGO

A fish with a mouth that opened six feet wide, equipped with such powerful jaws and teeth that it could bite up the heavily armour-plated fish known as ganoids, has been reconstructed from an immense fossil jawbone discovered in Ohio.

This huge monster of the sea must have been about four times the length of a motor-bus, and could swim with great speed. It lived 25,000,000 years ago.

What is the Trouble in Egypt?

WHY BRITAIN IS RULING PHARAOH'S LAND

BY OUR INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENT IN EUROPE

Egypt is a country in which we all take an interest, because we feel we know something about it. It is very hard to be interested in Jugo-Slavia or the Dodecanese. We cannot think of anything that calls up a picture of them in our minds, and it is only by seeing with what Shakespeare called "the mind's eye" that we obtain a clear idea of anything.

But when we hear the name "Egypt," pictures at once come into our minds of the land where Moses and the Children of Israel were kept in captivity by the Pharaohs who ruled them so badly.

It is because this bad and cruel government continued until half a century ago that Britain is helping to rule Egypt now. When, in the sixteenth century, the country ceased to be independent, it was taken by the Sultans of Turkey. They could never really manage it, so they agreed to its being ruled by a Khedive, who paid tribute money to the Sultans, as an acknowledgment that he only reigned by their permission. All the Khedives ill-treated the people, and squeezed heavy taxes out of them, leaving them scarcely enough of their crops to keep them alive.

At last there came a Khedive named Ismail, who went further than any other in extravagance and extortion.

WHO IS TROTSKY?

As Lenin is the scheming mind behind the Russian Bolshevik movement, Trotsky is the vigorous arm that defends and extends it by force. He is seven years younger than his colleague. As with Lenin, so with him: the name he is known by throughout the world is not his own. He was born in Russia, a pure Jew—Levi David Bronstein.

Like Lenin, he was expelled from school, and later was exiled to Siberia. His first term of transportation was four years, his second for life; but he escaped, and gained his living in foreign lands by journalism. A good German and French scholar, he also speaks some English.

At the beginning of the war Trotsky was much more moderate in his views than Lenin, but accommodated himself to the section of Socialists that seemed to be winning; and when civil war broke out Lenin used his fiery and reckless spirit by making him the Minister for War. Holding that office he built up the Red Army, which is trying to force all Russians to accept Bolshevism by sheer terror.

While this wild-eyed, bristly-bearded Jew is dreaded for his fierceness, as much as Lenin is dreaded for his cold determination, he is not as much respected, for his private life is said to be tainted with vice.

MOTHER OF THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

Snakes at Westminster

The Children's Newspaper is the child of My Magazine, the monthly that all the world loves.

If you would like to know all about the Jolly Old Nature Man who kept frogs and lizards, and snakes and chameleons, and ferrets and jackdaws, and monkeys and magpies, in the Deanery of Westminster Abbey; and all about the marvellous machine that prints the Children's Newspaper; and whether animals give up their lives to save their friends—you will find all these things in My Magazine for May, now on the bookstalls side by side with the Children's Newspaper.

He robbed the Egyptians of every farthing he could force them to pay. They had to give him so much for the crops they raised, so much for every horse, cow, donkey, camel, sheep, or goat they possessed, so much for the salt which was necessary to their health, and so much for the charcoal that they used to cook their meals. They could not afford to make wheaten bread, or even maize-bread. They mixed barley-meal with water, and ate it cold; they ate vegetables and greenstuff raw; and, of course, they suffered because they were not properly nourished. The misery of the people was heartrending.

Yet even the large amounts raised by taxes did not provide Ismail with enough money to meet his monstrous expenses. So he borrowed from English and French moneylenders until it was clear that he could not possibly pay interest on his debts. Then France and England decided that they must control the country, to save those who had lent Ismail money from losing it.

From Poverty to Plenty

For a time the French and English controlled it together; then the French retired, and Britain was left to manage Egypt's affairs alone. Honest, capable management changed the face of the land, brought prosperity to the Egyptians; reduced the taxes to reasonable amounts, gave the people for the first time in their history impartial justice, made life and property secure. The chief need of the peasants was water for their land, and this the British occupation gave them. Enormous dams were built high up the Nile, and the water was carried off in channels to irrigate the country and produce rich crops. Never have the people of Egypt been so well off as they are today under the rule of British officials.

Teaching Egypt to Rule Itself

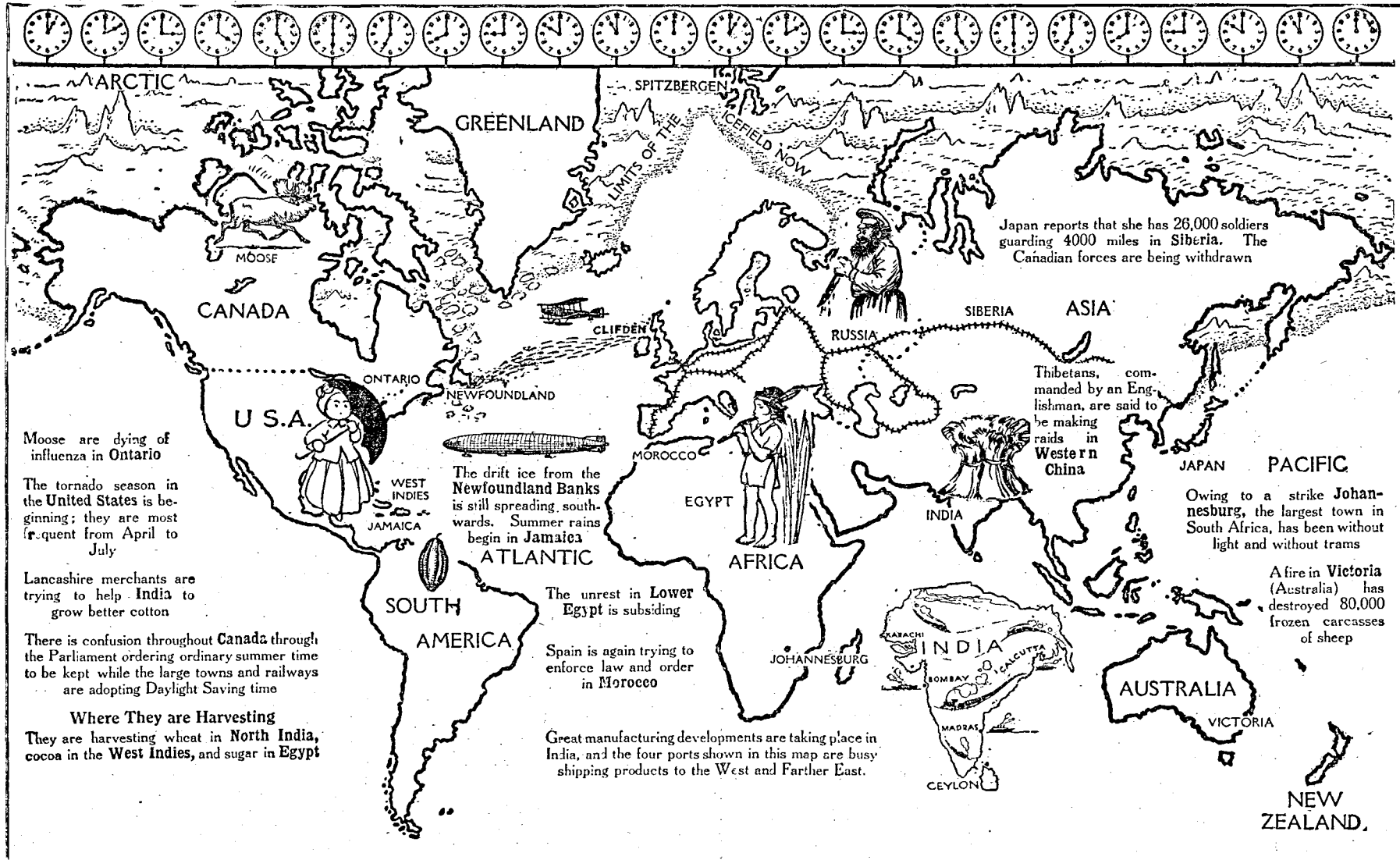
Yet there has never been any intention on our part to make Egypt a permanent part of the British Empire, as India is. We assured the world nearly 40 years ago that we had no idea of staying in the country for all time, but were there merely to set up a stable government. Much later it was laid down that "our task was not to rule the Egyptians, but as far as possible to teach them to rule themselves." Lately, a certain number of Egyptians have been asking: "Have you not taught us long enough? We consider we are now able to rule ourselves." These Egyptians base their claims upon the principle for which the Allies declared themselves to be fighting—the principle that every nationality should choose for itself its form of government.

A Divided Nation

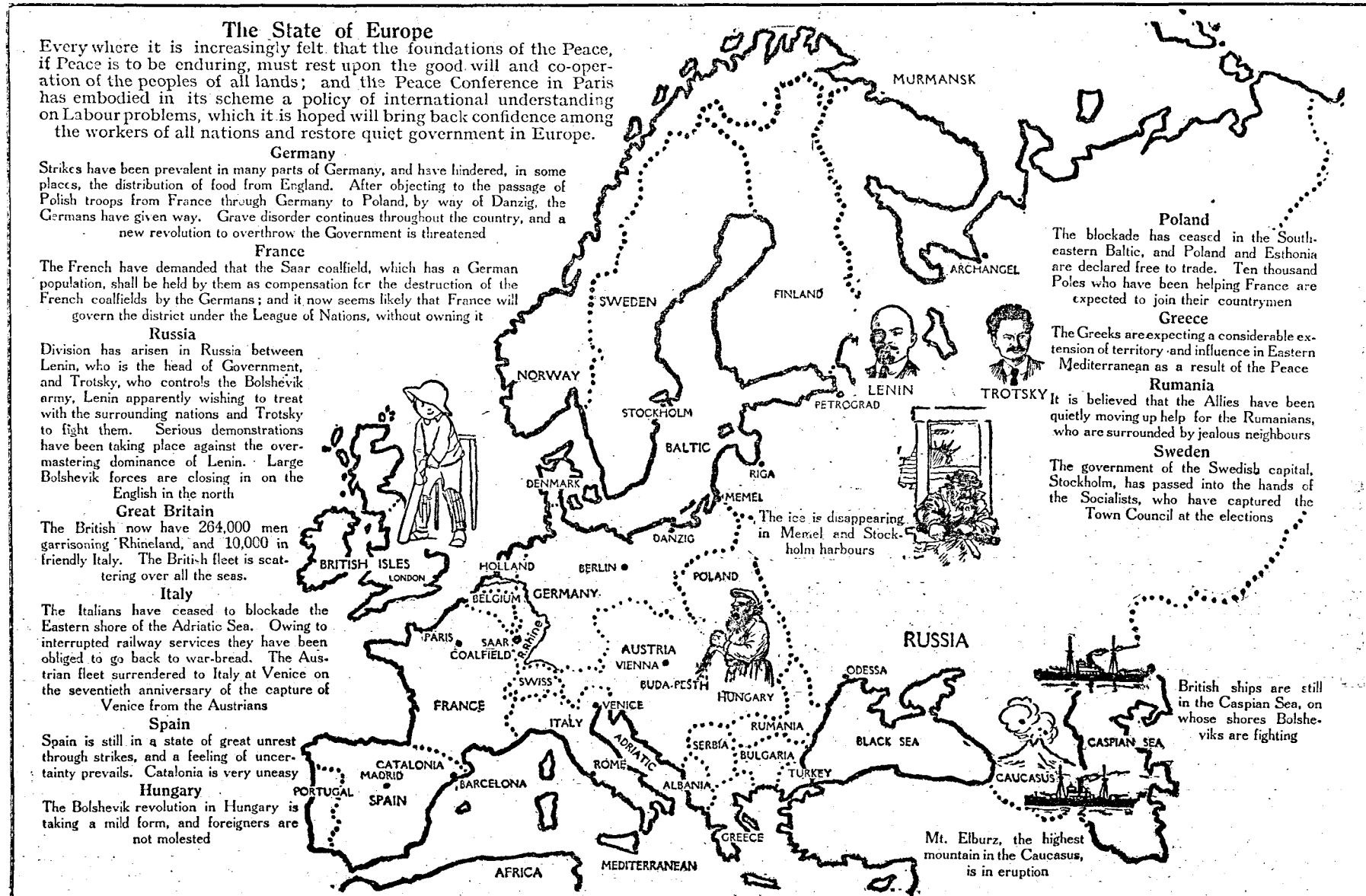
The reply to them is that, if the entire Egyptian nation wished the British officials to leave the country, their wish would have to be granted, but that those who demand independence do not represent the nation. The peasants are easily excited; and when orators address them in heated language they are sometimes persuaded to commit crimes of violence. But, it is argued, they admit that they prefer British justice to the decisions of native courts, and they know that the British have increased their comfort and possessions, have given their children better education, have kept down taxes. Therefore, they do not want us to go.

Those are the two sides of the argument. If the question could be discussed peaceably, it might soon be settled. Unfortunately, the Egyptians who want independence have used violence, and violence on one side means violence on both sides. This is why Egypt is disturbed. H. F.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAPS OF THE WORLD



SHOWING TIME EVERYWHERE, WITH HARVESTS AND NATURAL AND POLITICAL CONDITIONS OF VARIOUS AREAS



THE FACE OF EUROPE—SHOWING THE STORM-CENTRES IN THE CRISIS OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 19 1919

All Is Well

The daffodil is nodding its head, and the violet is peeping shyly out. The bluebells will soon be here.

"And is the Great War over?" the bluebells and the daffodils will seem to say. Year after year they came to the sound of the guns. The daffodil nodded in the garden, the bluebell nodded in the wood; but never, somehow, did they seem quite themselves in those four years. Perhaps they found nobody looking, and did not care. A deserted place our countryside has been; and this paradise of azure and gold, of red and white, of purple and emerald green, has somehow seemed to lose its glow and magic touch.

It has been a sorrowful place, this world of ours; and the life of our country lanes has come and gone, and found no multitude of happy people looking on. It must have been a sad and lonely time for Nature's messengers.

They bided their time through winter's long dark nights. The bat hanging from the beam in the barn, the frog huddled under his moss, the snail in the crevice of the wall, the bulb down in the snow, the hedgehog fast asleep in its hole: they bided their time. And then the sun came out, the gentle breezes blew, the showers fell, and out they came, these messengers of Spring, to greet a happy world. And all these years there has been no happy world.

Perhaps they have felt it, too. Wiser and wiser, the older we grow and the more we know, seems that old saying that a grain of wheat in the earth dreams dully every day, and is dimly aware of what is going to come. Deep in her heart Old Earth is crammed with dreams, and every year her dreams come true.

They come true in the Spring. The grub lies in its coat of mail, sleeping and dreaming, but in the Spring its dream comes true, and it creeps about the earth a shining beetle, or leaps into the sun a gorgeous butterfly. Not once has Nature missed her way. She set out ages since—millions of years she has been on her journey; and every year her plans have been fulfilled. She goes her way and keeps her time. Day follows night, tides rise and fall, and every winter changes into spring; they follow the time-table laid down in the beginning of the world.

And now the bluebells are coming again, Spring is leaping into life, and the heart of the world is thrilled with hope. Let us take a walk in the garden; let us saunter through the woods; let us listen for the nightingale in the tree-top down the lane. Nature is stirring. Spring is calling. The glory of the world is coming, and all will be well. A. M.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



All the King's Horses

THAT is an odd little picture of the sale of the Kaiser's horses. They were sold by auction at Potsdam, where the stables housed 600 noble steeds for the use of one ignoble man. Two of the Kaiser's sons were quietly standing in the crowd as the horses were sold. That is a curious scene, and it brings to mind the story of an outdoor pageant in the days of Queen Anne. The queen was there, the centre of that great scene; and somebody looking on, interested to know what a simple man thought of it, turned to a countryman beside him and asked if he had seen a sight like that before. "Never," said the countryman—"never since I sat in her chair." It was Richard Cromwell, Oliver's son, who was living in lodgings on ten shillings a week.

A Handy Man

ALL the world wants him—the man who can do things. One of them has been suing a master for his wages; and we are glad he got them, for he seems to have been a very handy man. On the first day he did a little stoking; on the second day a servant took a day off, and he looked after the silver and plate; on the third day the scullery maid was off, and he did her work; on the fourth day he did the cooking, and, though he could cook potatoes in eight different ways, the chef told him to cook them in another. Then he was dismissed. It seems a shame. We wish some Government department would take him up.

Robert Bruce

THEY will be very angry up in Scotland with Dr. Arthur Keith. He knows more about man than any other man alive, and he says that Robert Bruce, who did so well at Bannockburn, was—a Yorkshireman. We are glad it was a Yorkshireman, after all, who gave us such a thrashing. There is no county like Yorkshire for men and acres and puddings and wives.

Proverb of the Day



Advice to those about to make trouble:
Barefooted men must not go among thorns

Johnny Tadpole

ARE you a tadpole? That is one of the things you may become if you go on reading this paper; at least, that is what one of the King's judges would say. Even judges say stupid things sometimes; and Mr. Justice Eve, whom everybody likes, and who knows a tremendous number of things that you and I will never know, surprised his Court the other day by saying, "They teach people a lot too much nowadays; and we are breeding tadpoles—all head and no body." We are thankful for even a smile in these days; but the verdict of the jury is against the judge.

Koski Will Stay

A HUNDRED thousand Belgian refugees want to stay with us, and so does Koski. Koski has been at an inquest. Coroner: I suppose you are going back to your own country? Koski: To Palestine? It is too far. Coroner: No, I mean to Poland. Koski: No, not me. I am too old. He is too old and they are too far; England is good enough for him. So it is for us.



In trailing clouds of glory do they come
From God, Who is their home

Mother World prepares for future generations

Heaven or London?

WE hope heaven is better than London, but we are satisfied with London for a while. So was the little boy in hospital who was asked the other day if he would like to go to heaven. But he has evidently no intention of quitting life, for his answer was: "Heaven? No, sir. I don't know London yet." It is not the first time that something like that has been said. Passing this office the other day, almost running, was young Dr. Clifford of 82. He had just time to shake hands with the Editor and run on; and the Editor could not help thinking how, before he was born, a doctor had given John Clifford two years to live unless he went to Australia. "I won't go," he said; "it is London or heaven." That was a good lifetime ago; and it is London still for Dr. Clifford, who is young enough and wise enough to wait like a boy every Friday for the Children's Newspaper.

Another Apology

WE shall always be apologising to somebody. Somewhere in Number One it is said that this old Earth is flying through space at 19 miles a second; and one of our readers sends a big parcel of newspaper cuttings which prove beyond a doubt, he says, that the Earth does not move at all. Well, well! We have often thought it was standing still. Strange that all the wise men and all the great books and all the big telescopes should be wrong, and that one man and a bundle of cuttings should be right. We shall keep these cuttings to read when the world has moved a few more thousand million miles.

He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is a fool; beat him.
He who knows not, and knows that he knows not, is ignorant; teach him.
He who knows, and knows not that he knows, is asleep; wake him.
He who knows, and knows that he knows, is a wise man; follow him.

LITTLE KIDS

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Written for the readers of
the Children's Newspaper

"Little kids" you call us
As we are at play.
You were little children
Just the other day.

But tomorrow nears us:
Soon we, too, shall stand
Men and women rulers
Of the sea and land.

"Little kids" at playtime,
But at home or school
Think about our future:
Make us fit to rule.

Guide us wisely onward:
Teach us what is true;
Though we are but kiddies,
We are watching you!

Give us good examples:
While we are at play
Often we are aping
What you do and say.

TIP-CAT

At the Peace Table in Paris there are German waiters.

Owing to political difficulties the Chile Cabinet has resigned. Usually a Cabinet only resigns when things are getting too warm for it.

The suburban rival of the Channel Tunnel—Holloway.

The lady who suggests that a magistrate should serve three months' hard labour as part of his training does not explain how a judge should be trained before he sentences anyone to capital punishment; but she would probably agree that all "hanging judges" ought to be suspended.

Kicking up a shine—the Polish people.

Sir Woodman Burbidge, of Harrods, is the first man to fly to Belgium on commercial business. Riches still have wings, but instead of worrying about that now we fly after them.

Poets are born; some are borne with.

In consequence of a coal strike, the Nottingham Corporation closed the public baths. This should force a settlement, for if they don't keep them open the strike won't wash.

Complaints are already being made because the Tunnel will provide no accommodation for railway sleepers except under the Channel's bed.

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now! Robert Browning

A Child's Prayer for All Lands

Watch over Thy people in every land, O Lord.

In the hour when their hearts are breaking,
when their hope is almost done, quicken the senses of Thy people that they may know that Thou art God.

Amid the noise and tumult let there be heard the still small voice that brings comfort to the sorrowing, hope to the fatherless, and peace to the troubled heart.



PETER PUCK
WANTS TO KNOW
If a cat lives all its
nine lives at once

DOGGER BANK MEN SLEEPERS IN THE NORTH SEA BED

Island of Life the Waters
Have Swallowed Up

By Our Natural Historian

In olden days men lived on Dogger Bank, worshipped false gods, and preyed on little flatfish. Today we catch little flatfish and take them out to Dogger Bank to grow and flourish in the life of the waters flowing over what was once the teeming home of men. The ancient men of Dogger Bank are sleeping in the waters; but over Dogger Bank our modern airmen are flying.

The Dogger Bank is a great sand-bank in the North Sea, 170 miles long by 60 miles wide; and the sea flows over it from 50 to about 100 feet deep. Its waters are a nursery of marine life, swaying and swirling for ever over old cemeteries of the dead. Fish-eggs hatch in unthinkable millions over Dogger Bank; every tiny form of life known to temperate seas is there, an inexhaustible banquet for little fishes.

Life Where the Waters Flow

We use the phrase "for ever," but it is an unsafe word, for this site we now use as a little fishes' nursery and country seat was only 6000 or 7000 years ago dry land.

When Crete and the Mediterranean countries flourished with their rich and varied culture, of which the civilisation of Greece was the daughter and that of Rome the grandchild, Dogger Bank was peopled by men and women with rude and primitive ways of life. The land towered above the sea.

The North Sea, as Arthur Keith has been reminding us, was then but a bay, with its southern shore stretching from Jutland to Yorkshire, and men fished from the shore of ancient Dogger Bank. But the land sank, and the water broke through, and now 100 miles of sea separate the coast of Yorkshire from Dogger Bank; and in these waters surging over dead men's graves, our seamen fought a victorious battle against a German fleet.

The Fisherman's Green Fields

Some day divers will descend and work in the sands of Dogger Bank, and will bring up relics of the old homes, weapons, and implements of those pagan men and women who worshipped idols. In the meantime Dogger Bank is a nursery for our fishermen. They take the tiny creatures of the sea from our impoverished, overcrowded coasts, and carry them alive to these green fluid pastures. These finny starvelings eat of the food that knows no end; they wax fat and well favoured; and in due season the men who took them out return and bring them back again—great plaice, plump soles, giant turbot, and all the other flatfish tribe full-grown.

It is strange and romantic, this packed, abounding life, swimming over the old habitations of men. But old Londons, fifteen feet deep, underlie our modern London, and beneath the oldest London rest the bones of those who lived before the first London was; the citizens of our ancient English capital stamp over the heads of elephant, mammoth, tiger, hyena, reindeer, and bear. We have no crocodiles today, but they were here in London before a man had seen the Thames or fished on Dogger Bank.

E. A. B.

REMARKABLE EFFECT OF SUMMER TIME

It is not a great spectacle to see thousands of people looking on while a handful of people play a game, but it is good, at any rate, for people to spend their evenings out of doors; and one of the remarkable effects of summer time was seen the other day when over twenty thousand people watched an evening football match in London.

TALE OF A SEAL-SKIN

Astounding Story of
Grandfather's London

THE MASTIFFS ON GUARD

Here is a horrible page from a magnificent book, the great history of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, which that devoted servant of the hospital, Dr. Norman Moore, has written. "Bart's" dates back to a London of eight centuries ago; but the incident which we select from this book is from the London of our grandfather's time, which continued into days that Dr. Moore remembers.

When he was house physician at "Bart's" they had many patients who were working furriers. One day Dr. Moore accompanied a brother doctor to a place at which a number of these poor people laboured, and saw a picture which the brain of Tolstoy or Hugo might have created, but which certainly does not seem to belong to London.

The two doctors entered a room on

JACK CORNWELL'S HOME

Has the Fund Forgotten Its
Hero?

PLIGHT OF A BRAVE BOY'S MOTHER

After the battle of Jutland the country rang with the praises of little Jack Cornwell, who showed such splendid coolness and bravery that the admiral mentioned him in his despatch, "in justice to his memory and as an acknowledgment of the high example set by him." For Jack had become a memory only—he died after the battle.

Everyone felt that his heroism should be proudly preserved for all time, like that of the French lad Casabianca; and millions of school children subscribed to erect a memorial. Two funds were raised—one of about £35,000 by the Navy League, and one, at East Ham, of about £10,000. The boy's father, though over 60, was serving in the Royal Defence Force; his mother,

PEACE, PEACE—WHERE IS PEACE?



Tortured at lunch by a brazen Jazz band, the worried citizen seeks peace and quietness at home. He fights for a seat in a bus, but has to walk through the fierce spring gale. Home at last, he turns to his fireside for warmth and comfort—to find an empty grate.

one side of a small yard. Before they could move, two great mastiffs, which were walking in the room, had to be chained up. Then they crossed the courtyard to a long, shed-like building filled with large tubs; and in each tub was a man, stark naked, trampling on seal-skins in a thick fluid. They were softening the skins, so that they could be made up into coats and muffs and hats for ladies.

But why naked men for the process? Simply because seal-skin is valuable, and the employers did not trust the employees. Fearing that they might secrete pieces of fur in their clothes, they made men strip and walk naked across the yard to their tubs.

As soon as the men were safely in the tubs, two fierce mastiffs were unchained and turned loose in the room where the clothes had been left. No naked man dared to return for his clothes until he had been authorised to do so and the dogs had been removed.

How many naked wretches, we wonder, have shivered in those sheds for seal-skin coats still being worn?

though only moderately well off as a working man's wife, wanted nothing for herself, but was proud of the fame of her boy and of the monument to be raised to him. £500 was set aside by the Navy League from its fund; and the interest, ten shillings a week, has been paid to her—an arrangement with which she was contented.

Now a very painful impression has been created by the discovery that Jack Cornwell's father has died while serving his country; and the widow, who has a home to keep together for herself, another son, and a daughter of 13, has been working 12 hours a day, seven days a week, for a wage of 25s.; and, in the meantime, nothing that can be seen has been done with the £45,000.

It is a sad story of the dull, mechanical way in which funds are managed and human hearts are disregarded. Such careless delay does not in the least reflect the real feelings of men and women; and no doubt, now that the tale is told, Mrs. Cornwell will be made quite comfortable out of the fortune that kindness has subscribed.

News From Everywhere

Gathered by



There are only eight hundred Germans left in China.

The War Office has opened a publicity department.

A law has been passed in France forbidding night work in bakeries.

On an average every person in London rides in the tramcars 85 times a year.

On the Tyneside the undertakers are refusing to work for funerals on Sunday.

The investments in war-saving certificates now reach a total of 306 million pounds.

It is expected that the Channel Tunnel can be bored at the rate of 50 feet a day.

Great Britain has advanced Australia £50,000 to help to test the oil fields of New Guinea.

There are 500,000 people in New York City who cannot read, write, or speak English.

An authority on Jerusalem says that Arab boys prefer to speak English rather than Arabic.

America is exporting coal to Switzerland by way of the Rhine, and is underselling Great Britain.

It is estimated that the number of dogs in this country has decreased by a million during the war.

The Ontario Government is helping rural communities to build social halls by paying a quarter of the cost.

Last year Shrewsbury public library lent 60,000 books; 20 years ago the number lent was only 25,000.

"He is 30, looks 20, and talks like a boy of ten," said an Austrian statesman, speaking of the ex-Emperor Karl.

A foolish man who made his appearance in the Law Courts had been spending £10,000 a year on butterflies.

Canada is preparing to export steel rails, which she claims she can make at the rate of 75,000 tons per month.

An Italian Senator, Count Giuseppe Greppi, has reached his hundredth birthday, and is still strong and active.

A resolution in favour of votes for women has been passed in the South African House of Assembly by 44 votes against 42.

A cat has killed 1033 rats in her hunting career in an engineering works at Lincoln, but was killed when encountering rat number 1034.

Of the Belgians who fled to this country to escape the German invaders, 100,000 have been so successful and happy here that they wish to stay.

The farmers of Lancashire are protesting against daylight saving; and in Canada the farmers have dropped it. The farmers say morning damp stops work.

Light railways are to be developed in the United Kingdom to feed the main lines. At present we have only two miles for every hundred miles of main lines.

The kind treatment of their horses by the British Army has left the horses in such good condition that they have been sold for very high prices; and altogether have realised £8,500,000.

Mr. Muirhead Bone is a great artist, and he has a great heart. He has made £2000 by selling his war drawings, and has given it to the Imperial War Museum for buying the work of other artists.

The War Office hopes to send a photograph of every grave in France to all next-of-kin applying for it. Applications pour in at 2000 a day, and the number of photographs sent out is now approaching 20,000.

It is now known that in 1914, a month after war was declared, Bulgaria made a secret treaty with Austria, promising her help, through she did not throw off the mask and join in the war until more than a year later.

THE SALUTING TORTOISE

Odd Ways of Reptiles of
the Desert

LIZARDS THAT SWIM IN THE SAND

It is always interesting to see how living creatures are suited to the places they naturally live in; and a Californian naturalist, Mr. C. L. Camp, has been studying the ways of the reptiles of the Colorado Desert.

There is very little shelter, so we are not surprised to find that almost all the lizards and snakes are very swift and agile. The gridiron-tail lizard races over the sand at 15 miles an hour. A few that are not given to moving quickly are restricted to places whither they find ready retreats. Such is the chuckwalla, a clumsy vegetarian lizard, which gets head foremost into a crevice among the rocks and inflates itself, lashing vigorously with its heavy stub-tail. To get it out the Indians puncture its side with a sharp wire, so as to deflate it.

The Only Poisonous Lizard

Desert reptiles which neither move quickly nor get into recesses are secure in other ways. Thus the rattlesnake has its deadly poison, and the "gila monster," a large lizard with an armour of scales like close-set beadwork, is also poisonous, being unique among lizards in this.

The sand of the desert is often very loose; and some reptiles—the burrowing snake sonora, the gridiron-tailed lizard, the ocellated sand lizard, and the desert "horned toad"—actually swim into the sand by strong lateral movements of their heads.

Most of the desert reptiles have very keen eyesight and great alertness. Many, like the rattlesnake, are coloured like their surroundings, and are difficult to detect; others can change their colour to suit their surroundings, and have thus an even finer garment of invisibility. Not a few of the desert lizards are able to part with their tails very readily when they are seized. Most of them, if not all, are able to do without water.

Trek Across Country

It is interesting to notice the variety of adaptations in which these crawling creatures are suited to their desert home. Mr. Camp brings this out very clearly, and also discloses some of the "little ways" of animals, which have a fascination of their own. The desert tortoises spend a great part of their lives in burrows, but at times they trek across country at four or five miles a day. When one meets another—unless both are males—in the course of its plodding along, each nods its head rapidly up and down, as if in salutation, and sometimes noses are touched as they pass. But if they are both males, there is almost certain to be a fight, which often ends in one being "turned turtle."

AN EAST-END BOY'S CLIMB

From Basket-maker's Shop
to Professor's Chair

All who delight in true success will give a cheer in their hearts for Professor Thomas Okey, of Cambridge University. An East-End boy, educated at elementary and night schools, and apprenticed to basket-making, which became his trade, Mr. Okey spent his leisure time in studying the Italian language, Italian literature, and Italy, until he became one of the first authorities on each of these subjects—a writer of books on Italy, a translator of Italian classics, and an examiner in the Italian tongue. Now he has crowned his fine career by being elected to the new professorship of Italian in the ancient university of Cambridge.

Not the least valuable point of the professor's success is that it shows the way to young ambition, no matter where it may have had its birth.

A SNOWSTORM IN COLOUR

Remarkable Story of Dust

One of the most fascinating essays written by Darwin's friend and co-discoverer, the late Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, was on that irritating trifle, dust. He should have lived to read a scientific report on a recent dust-storm in America.

The first evidence of the movement of it was discovered in the extraordinary colour of snow which fell in Iowa, Vermont, Wisconsin, and Michigan. The snow covered over a hundred thousand square miles, probably much more, and it was all of unwonted hue. Such snow in olden times would have filled the pious Pilgrim Fathers with terrible forebodings; but scientists who have investigated this snowstorm have found that the colouring matter was nothing but a reddish-yellow dust.

How, then, had the dust got into the snow? It had been carried up by the wind from the sterile lands of desert America a thousand miles away, and lifted, perhaps a hundred million tons of it, through the air in a north-easterly direction. There it met conditions in which snow was formed, and parachuted down to earth to colour an area at least twice the size of England.

A BOMBSHELL FOR THE GREEN ROOM

Poison in the Wallpaper

A Danish professor, Dr. Andersson, has thrown a little bombshell into green-papered rooms. There is arsenic in our wallpapers, he says, and this arsenic becomes absorbed in the human system, creating irritability, restlessness, anxiety, and a fear of death in those under its influence.

This is very sweeping, and we should require detailed evidence before allowing ourselves to become alarmed; but it is common knowledge that our wallpapers do contain arsenic in their colouring matter, and if the arsenic is volatile and enters our organs, then wallpaper manufacturers owe a duty to the public.

The horrible, face-destroying disease known as phossy jaw, associated with match-making, has been banished; the horrors of lead poisoning have been eliminated from the pottery trade; now wallpaper manufacturers must give heed to the warning of Dr. Andersson.

THE MAN IN THE ICE HOUSE

People who want to run away should not hide in an ice-house. A man the police were hunting for took refuge in a refrigerator-house used for meat storage, and had to stay there so long that he was almost frozen and could hardly move. Then the police caught him.

A MOTOR WITHOUT GEAR-WHEELS

The motor-tractor is rapidly becoming one of the most important machines in the world. The disadvantage in all motor-driven appliances is the gear-wheels, as a clumsy driver in changing gears to alter speed is apt to damage the mechanism. There is great wear and tear on all the gear-wheels necessarily used. Now a remarkably ingenious piece of mechanism has been invented by which even a heavy motor vehicle can be made without gear-wheels, and a new tractor built on these lines will shortly be tried.

GREAT GUNS

The United States Gun Department is planning to make guns 25 yards long, with a range of 35 miles. Such guns could shoot across the Straits of Dover without the least trouble.

KINEMA PROVES THE TRUTH.

How truth has come out through the Kinema after 100 centuries is told in the new number of My Magazine for May, now on the bookstalls side by side with the Children's Newspaper.

TALE OF A MOUSE'S TAIL

A Marvellous Thing Just
Discovered

LOSING A LIMB TO SAVE A LIFE

Many animals are able to surrender a part in critical situations, and thereby save their lives. A starfish gives off an arm that is seized; a crab gives off a claw that is gripped or badly injured; a lizard gives off its tail to the enemy that has caught it, and hurries off not much the worse, for it can grow a new makeshift for a tail at its leisure.

There is in many cases a particular plane across which the surrender of the



The Mouse that Breaks its Tail

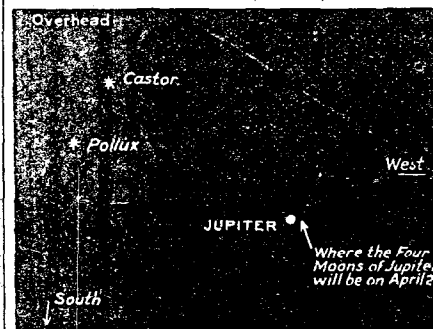
part can be most readily effected. Thus in the crabs there is a breaking-plane near the base of the leg, and there is sometimes a neat arrangement for bandaging up the stump. Similarly, in many lizards there is a weak line up the middle of each of a number of vertebrae—backbone pieces—in the tail, and extending out to the surface. Across this plane of weakness it is easy for breakage to occur, and this preparation for a common risk in the lizard's everyday life is very interesting.

The Automatic Break

This self-mutilation is not what can be called deliberate. What degree of awareness there may have been in the device when it first began is difficult to say; but nowadays the surrender takes place automatically, just as we draw our finger back from something hot which we have accidentally touched. We do not will to draw back our finger; the arrangement for doing this is born in us and is independent of our will.

A new case of life-saving curtailment has just been reported from California. It has to do with what are called "pocket-mice." When one of these little rodents is picked up by its tail it gives its body a very curious gyrating twist, and the tail often breaks across, allowing the animal to escape. In one kind of pocket-mouse the breakage invariably occurs across one or other of the tail vertebrae; in another species the skin breaks and slips off, leaving in one's hand just the empty sheath that covered the tail.

But, unlike the lizard, the pocket-mouse cannot grow anything new to take the place of what it has lost. All that it does after breaking its tail is to finish off the stump by growing a tuft of hair.



The Position of Jupiter

When the starfish surrenders one of its five arms—"a limb for a life"—we can only say that it has learned without thought that it is better that one member should perish than that the whole life should be lost. But when we come to animals high up in the scale like these pocket-mice, we may perhaps be more generous, for their movements suggest that they are in some degree aware of what they are doing.

SEARCH FOR A MOON

Next Week's News of
Other Worlds

JUPITER AND HIS ADOPTED CHILDREN

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The absence of the moon from the sky during the next two weeks should provide us with a splendid opportunity of getting a glimpse of something most of us have never seen—another moon in the sky. Jupiter will enable us to find this moon, for it is one of his own; Ganymede by name.

But first of all let us find Jupiter. We remember how easy it was to find Jupiter a fortnight ago, because our moon appeared to come close to him, whereas now he appears to be but one among many bright stars. Still, with the exception of Venus, he is much the brightest. If you face south he will be seen high up towards overhead; to the left of him, still nearer to overhead, are two twin stars of about equal brightness.

Moons Seen with the Naked Eye

These are Castor and Pollux, and they represent the heads of the two children forming the group of stars called Gemini, or the Twins. These two stars will help you to be sure you are looking at Jupiter, who is about 15 degrees, or 30 moons, to the right of them, towards the south-west.

Now, Ganymede is nearly 700,000 miles away from him, and it is his only moon which can ever be seen with unaided vision. It is very faint, but if the air is very clear, it may be seen like a little star quite close to Jupiter, and just to the right of him.

Next Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday this moon of Jupiter will be on the right-hand side of him, but Tuesday will be the best evening, if clear, because Ganymede will then appear farthest away from Jupiter, whose brightness and glare make it difficult to see his moon. A good plan is to stand where the side of a house or a chimney just hides Jupiter.

Little Moons all in a Row

By the aid of opera-glasses you will easily see this moon, and probably another as well—that is, Callisto, which will be almost twice as far from Jupiter as Ganymede, being nearly a third of our moon's diameter away from him, on the same side, and almost in a line.

It is not, however, quite so large or so bright, and, although farther from the glare of Jupiter, the possibility of seeing it without optical aid is very small.

From Saturday until next Wednesday Callisto will be on the right-hand side of Jupiter, so that observers with opera-glasses will have a good chance.

Tuesday evening is all round the best, and anyone with a small telescope may see a very beautiful sight, because all four of Jupiter's most important moons will be almost in a row on one side of him. Io, the nearest, is about 260,000 miles from Jupiter, about as far as our moon is from us; then comes Europa; both these beyond the powers of opera-glasses. Ganymede is next, and finally comes Callisto, the outermost, over a million miles from Jupiter.

How Did the Moons Come?

These four moons are generally known to astronomers by the Roman numerals I., II., III., and IV., Ganymede being III., and Callisto IV. Jupiter has also five other little moons, less than a hundred miles across. These are rarely seen, and then only in the largest telescopes.

They do not appear to be moons that came into existence with Jupiter unthinkable ages ago, but are probably adopted moons that were caught by Jupiter as they were flying through space, and drawn to him by his great power of gravitation. In any case, they will never leave him now. G. F. M.

THE KALEIDOSCOPE

NATURE WEEK BY WEEK

The Squirrel Looking For a Nest

One of the most fascinating creatures to look out for now is the common squirrel, whose impudence and quaint antics remind us of the monkey. He is usually seen skipping from branch to branch, with his bushy tail spread out behind; but when he sits eating, the tail rests on his back. He is not quite so simple and innocent as he looks, for squirrels sometimes rob birds' nests of their eggs. The little animals are now looking for a suitable place in which to build a nest. They will probably choose the fork of a tree; and the nest will be a really dainty arrangement of moss, leaves, and grass.

The young of the common garden snail may now be seen in the garden and hedgerows. The shell is duller and much less beautiful than that of the banded snail. It is very prolific, and lays as many as 100 eggs; and when we see the havoc it causes among our tender plants we shall not be surprised to know that it has 135 rows of 105 teeth each, or 14,175 altogether.

Flies That Can Eat Like Lions

Early specimens of the green-veined butterfly may be looked for on the edge of the wood and in lanes. It is easily distinguished by its size from the small cabbage white, being smaller, and by the underside of the hind wings, which are pale yellow with dusky greenish veins, while those of the small white are yellow dusted with black.

The black, hairy caterpillar of the drinker moth, embroidered with white and tufted with gold, should be seen but not touched; for its irritating hairs often set up a nasty rash on tender fingers.

The flesh fly is now getting on the wing; and is interesting from the fact that it does not lay eggs, but deposits its young alive by the thousand on meat and carcasses. At such an astonishing rate does it do this that Linnaeus once said that three of these flies could eat up an ox as fast as a lion could.

New Homes of the Birds

Among the birds the missel thrush and the moorhen have now probably hatched their young; the little hedge sparrows should be fledged; and the kestrel, linnet, and peewit, or lapwing, will have laid their eggs. The jackdaw, has made her nest in a tree or a hole in a ruin or cliff, and laid her eggs, four to six in number. They are pale bluish green, spotted with dark olive, brown, or grey.

Several fresh migrants should be listened for now. First and foremost is



The squirrel sometimes robs birds' nests of their eggs

the swallow, whose song is a twittering warble, which at an alarm changes into a whit-tit-tit. Then there is the tree pipit, which frequents parks, shrubberies, thickets, and the outskirts of woods. The lesser whitethroat, a restless bird, with drab plumage, has a song that is a sharp whistle rapidly repeated; and this, together with that of the wryneck, should soon greet us. The wryneck lays its eggs in a hole in a tree trunk.

It is worth while now to search the woods and hedgerows for that tasty fungus, the common morel, which is delicious fried with bacon. It is easily identified by its conical brown cap,

SHAKESPEARE'S SONG FOR CHILDREN

Merrily, Merrily

Words by Shakespeare
Music by Dr. Arne

Allegro *pp*

Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, shall I live

p *pp*

now, Un - der the blos - som that hangs on the bough, Mer - ri - ly,

cresc.

mer - ri - ly shall I live now, Un - der the blos - som that hangs on the

f ad lib.

bough, Un - der the blos - som that hangs on the bough.

f colla voce

deeply pitted like a bee's comb, and its white stem.

The black poplar, dogwood, and beech are now leafing, and the birch is coming into blossom; while the mouse-eared chickweed, common buttercup, wood crowfoot, water crowfoot, henbit nettle, and jack-by-the-hedge, or saucelone, are in bloom. The wild hyacinth, or bluebell, not to be confused with the bluebell of Scotland, which is the wild harebell, is getting more abundant in the woods. C. R.

NATURAL FACTS OF THE DAY



The universe moves to order like a clock. It has never failed. Sunrise and sunset; moonrise and moonset; high tide at London Bridge, ever they come and ever they go, while nations rise and fall.

Here is next week's time-table of sun, moon, and sea; given for London, from Sunday, April 20.

Time-table of Sun, Moon, and Sea

	SUNDAY	TUESDAY	FRIDAY
Sunrise ..	5.58 a.m.	5.54 a.m.	5.48 a.m.
Sunset ...	8.1 p.m.	8.5 p.m.	8.10 p.m.
Moonrise ..	—	1.51 a.m.	3.16 a.m.
Moonset ...	—	10.39 a.m.	2.15 p.m.
High Tide	5.46 p.m.	7.2 p.m.	10.25 p.m.

This
Week's
Moon



Other Worlds. Early in the evening Venus is in the West, higher up; Jupiter is to the West of South, but getting more to the West. Saturn is very high up to the South late in the evening.

ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS



L'âne aime beaucoup les carottes
L'homme chantait une chanson
Le cheval était dans l'écurie
Elle m'a donné un morceau de gâteau
Le gargon se lave les mains
La souris mange le fromage.

LA MONTRE D'UN SOLDAT

Frédéric le Grand demanda un jour l'heure à un de ses soldats. Malheureusement l'homme avait perdu sa montre, mais il portait toujours la chaîne au bout de laquelle pendait une balle, qu'il consulta comme pour voir l'heure. "Ma montre n'indique qu'une seule heure," répondit le soldat, "celle où je mourrai pour mon roi et pour ma patrie."

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Complete the planting of potatoes and sow parsley, turnip, cucumber, and vegetable marrow. Plant out any onions that were sown early under glass. Prick out in nursery beds Brussels sprouts, broccoli, and cauliflower. Keep the hoe going freely among the growing crops. Thin out hardy annuals when large enough to handle. Edge all walks.

THE KINEMA

New Films Coming On

THE BEST PICTURES TO LOOK FOR

By Our Kinematograph Correspondent

Only the very best pictures will be noted here. The Children's Newspaper urges its readers not to patronise picture houses where vulgar plays are exhibited.

TALE OF THE CIVIL WAR

Jeanne Beaufort, the last of a noble Virginian family, volunteers, during the American Civil War, to act as a spy for the Confederates. Seized by a band of masked Northern conspirators, she is offered the alternatives of death or marriage on the spot to one of their number. She chooses marriage; and, the ceremony having been performed, she is set free without any clue to the identity of her husband, save a curious tattoo mark which she has noticed.

Sent on a dangerous mission to Washington, she penetrates the enemy lines, and gets into contact with the Northern leaders and President Lincoln himself. How she solves the mystery of her "marriage" and ultimately finds a real husband is shown in the dramatic Paralta play "Madam Who," which introduces many thrilling battle scenes, and presents a vivid picture of the historic days of the Civil War.

THE MERRY TRAMPS

The two merry tramps who steal the count's clothes and impersonate him at Mrs. Moneybag's party do not succeed in living up to their aristocratic attire, and are forced to fly. How they escape along the roof's edge of a lofty building at the peril of their lives is told with the help of clever trick effects in the amusing film "Counts and No Counts."

BABY AMONG THE APES

Lord and Lady Greystoke are marooned on the wildest part of the West African coast. Soon afterwards they perish; and the baby son they leave behind is found and adopted by the apes. Living among the lofty tree-tops of the forest, and helped by his monkey-friends to avoid the perils of the jungle, Tarzan grows up strong and self-reliant. Watching a tribe of savages, he learns how to make himself a rough garment, whilst the discovery of a knife in his dead parents' hut teaches him the superior power of men over animals. Then a wandering mariner instructs him in the art of speech.

The thrilling adventures of this English boy alone in the jungle are represented in the wonderful picture "Tarzan of the Apes." Tarzan's hand-to-hand struggle with a fierce forest lion is one of the most remarkable incidents ever pictured.

MISERIES OF THE STAGE

In the British-made version of Mrs. O. F. Walton's well-known novel "A Peep Behind the Scenes," the hardships and unhappiness of old-time theatrical life are effectively portrayed. While Lucy marries a clergyman, and settles down to a peaceful country life, her high-spirited sister Norah foolishly runs away from home and marries a travelling actor. Norah's illusions as to the "romance" of the stage are speedily shattered, and she dies of want in a caravan, leaving a little daughter, Rosalie. Rosalie's brutal father is killed in an accident shortly afterwards; and the lonely child sets out to discover her mother's sister Lucy. After many trials the poor little orphan reaches her aunt, by whom she is welcomed and cared for.

LIONS ON THE TRAIN

Imagine two live and savage lions suddenly let loose in the middle of the night among the passengers on an express train! This is what happens in the wild and wonderful comic film, "Roaring Lions in the Midnight Express," the uproarious humour of which is matched only by the excitement of its incidents of sensational realism. L. Y.



MARTIN CRUSOE

A BOY'S ADVENTURE ON WIZARD ISLAND

Told by T. C. Bridges, the popular story-writer

What Has Happened Before

Martin Vaile receives mysterious calls for help from the Sargasso Sea on his wireless instrument. About this time his father dies, greatly in debt owing to the villainy of his partner, Mr. Willard. Martin tells his friend, Basil Loring, that he is going to find Willard, but will first go to the scene of the mysterious messages.

He crosses the Sargasso Sea in his flying-boat, and is welcomed at Lost Island by the sender of the messages, Professor Distin, and his negro servant, Scipio Mack, sole survivors of a party of nine who, nineteen years previously, had reached the island by submarine.

Their submarine, the Saga, disappeared in 1914, when on the way to Denmark with Doctor Krieger, the friend of the Professor.

The inhabitants of Lemuria, the neighbouring island, which is supposed to be rich in gold, are believed to be descendants of the old Vikings. They attack the Professor in his stronghold, but are frightened away by an electrically controlled arrangement of his. However, they have a secret entrance to the Painted Hall, and some of the Lemurians gain admittance this way.

Martin and Scipio discover the hole through which they come, and are about to place a heavy slab of stone over it when Martin feels his leg grasped by a huge hand, and he is dragged down into the depths of the pit.

CHAPTER 12

In the Hands of the Enemy

For a moment Martin had a horrible sensation of falling, dropping into unknown depths. Then he was caught—caught as easily as a child might catch a kitten—in a pair of giant arms. He heard a hoarse cry of triumph, and looking up saw, red in the smoky glare of torches, a face more terrible than any he had ever pictured in his wildest dreams.

It was the face of a giant with a nose resembling an eagle's beak, and fierce eyes gleaming like pale steel. The golden beard was turning grey, and the hair was long and grey under the heavy helmet. But it was the mouth that was the worst feature of all. Wide, with thin lips, it showed teeth like those of a wild animal, and by some curious malformation of the upper jaw the eye-teeth on each side projected outside the lower lip, like the tusks of a walrus.

The owner of the face was nearly seven feet high, and had a chest like the gnarled trunk of an old oak.

For a moment he held Martin in both hands, glaring at him with a look of such malice and savagery in those evil grey eyes as made the boy cold to the bone. Then, with a deep laugh, the monster swung him lightly over his shoulder and went striding away down a long, sloping tunnel.

Martin had little time to think. His captor went on at a tremendous pace, and he, hanging like a sack over the giant's shoulders, was bumped and swung till his head swam. A few moments only, and they came out on to a narrow ledge of rock just above the level of the lake.

Lying tied to the ledge was a boat, a sort of shallop, broad and solid, but with low sides. Into this the big man stepped, dumping Martin down in the bottom as unceremoniously as a sack of coals. The next thing that he knew was that the boat was bumping alongside the longship in the open lake.

The tusked giant stooped, grasped him, and, as he swung him up into view of the crew of the longship,

the crew burst into a long-drawn shout of "Haro! Haro, Odan!"

Next moment he was pitched into the longship, and found himself lying on the bottom boards between the two benches on which sat the rowers. A fresh roar of triumph broke from every throat. Then a stern command from Odan, who was evidently the captain of the Lemurians, and the strangely shaped craft sped away towards the mouth of the sea loch.

Left to himself for the moment, Martin tried to pull himself together, and think what was best to be done. For the life of him he could not see any way out. True, the Lemurians had not tied him, but that did not help. Even if he could seize a chance to spring overboard, they would have him again at once. In any case, the ship was by now a long way from shore, and he had no notion whether he could reach it.

The more he considered matters, the more hopeless seemed his position. He knew, of course, that the Professor and Scipio would do all in their power to rescue him; but he could not see how one frail old man and a negro could do very much. They had nothing but the little launch, which would crack like an egg-shell under the driving weight of the heavy Lemurian ship.

Even if Professor Distin were to resort to fire-arms it would be next to impossible to pick off enough of these many rowers, protected as they were by their thick shields, to cripple the longship.

His heart sank, and with every stroke of the oars he came nearer to despair.

CHAPTER 13

Poison Gas

After a while Martin tried cautiously to raise himself so as to see where they were going. His movement was noticed, and a rough hand seized him, shook him, and flung him down again. His blood boiled, but, knowing the utter uselessness of resistance, he lay still.

The sound of the oars changed. The beat was echoed back from cliffs, and Martin knew that the ship must be fast approaching the narrow channel leading to the sea. At the same time he noticed something else. A slight mist was dimming the stars overhead. It thickened so rapidly that even the mast-head of the longship was scarcely visible. He heard an angry growl from Odan, the oar beats slackened, and the longship moved more slowly.

Martin was amazed. Fog on a night like this, and on a warm, almost tropical sea, was a very strange phenomenon. Every moment it grew more dense, and now Martin realised that this was no ordinary mist. It was smoke! He could smell it.

His thoughts flew at once to the volcano. Was this smoke beating down from its lofty crest? or was some fresh eruption beginning? He knew that the great cone was far from extinct; and the Professor had spoken of earthquakes from time to time.

The smoke became so thick that Martin could hardly see a yard before him. It reeked of sulphur. His eyes were streaming, the foul stuff was in his lungs, and he was choking for breath.

Suddenly the gloom was lit by a dull glare of light which seemed to be dead ahead. A moment later came a heavy thudding explosion, the water boiled, and the longship pitched heavily on a series of great, swelling waves. Now Martin was sure that he was right. A volcanic eruption had begun.

Another bump! Then all of a sudden the men around Martin tried to scramble to their feet, and he heard hoarse cries of terror. He himself made an effort to scramble up, and this time no one stopped him. Then, through the reek, appeared a face so hideous that Martin stopped, appalled. With its vast snout, from which hung down a curious tube, it was like nothing human.

It made no sound; but a pair of hands stretched out towards Martin, and, to his utter amazement, they and the arms above them were black!

In a flash he understood. This was Scipio!

He could have shouted with sheer delight, but had no breath. He could only choke. But he knew now, and scrambled up. The hands grasped him firmly, and drew him to his feet.

CHAPTER 14

A New Peril

Half-choked and poisoned, as they were, the Lemurians had no intention of parting so easily with their prey. With a hoarse cry of rage the great Odan lunged forward, seized Martin's arm with his monstrous hand, and began to drag him away. Then, from behind Scipio, another hand shot forward. It did not touch Odan, but in an instant he gave a choking bellow of pain and rage, his hold on Martin relaxed, and he staggered back, flinging both hands up to his face.

Before he could recover, Scipio had dragged Martin clear, and the two were over the gunwale of the longship and in the launch. Like a flash the light little craft spun round in her own length, and darted away in the opposite direction.

The launch was in the cove harbour and safe inside the water gate before Martin was well enough to speak. Even then the Professor would not let him talk, and Scipio had to help him up the stairs and through the Painted Hall.

Lying in a long chair in the rock-roofed living-room, the boy rested and drank a draught which the Professor prepared for him.

"I thought it was the volcano starting up," was the first thing he said.

"I don't wonder," replied the Professor, with his dry little smile. "As a matter of fact, I was taking a leaf out of Admiral Roger Keye's book, and using a mixture of phosphorus and sulphur which produced a dense artificial fog similar to what the motor launches spread in the attacks on Ostend and Zeebrugge."

"It was jolly smart of you," said Martin heartily.

"It was the only thing to do, Martin. Perhaps, after such a lesson, the Lemurians will leave us alone for a time."

"They'll be fools if they don't," replied Martin, laughing.

Then he started up. "But I say, Professor, what about the prisoners?"

The Professor got up quickly. He looked rather grave. "Upon my word, Martin, I had completely forgotten them."

"Scipio!" he called.

There was no answer.

"Ah, Scipio has remembered," continued the Professor. "No doubt he has gone to tie them up. Let us go and see."

They hurried into the Painted Hall; but before they had gone many steps, Scipio himself was seen hurrying to meet them.

"What about the prisoners, Scipio?" asked the Professor quickly.

"Dat's jest what I was coming to tell you about, sah. One of dem is dere whar Marse Martin laid him out wid dat battle-axe, and I've tied him jest to make sure. But de oder, de one I knocked down, he's done gone. I can't see him nowhar."

The Professor looked at Martin; Martin looked at the Professor. Both faces were grave.

"This is a bad job, sir," said Martin. "Where can he have got to?"

"Dar ain't no doubt about dat, boss. He's gone down dat dar tunnel hole. Me and de Professor, we put de stone back, but he's done lifted it again, for it's a-lying dar on its side."

"Then he has taken to the lake and probably swum after the longship," said the Professor. "But we must make sure. Let us arm ourselves, and take lights, and go down the tunnel."

A few minutes later Martin stood once more in the gloomy tunnel through which he had been carried as prisoner little more than an hour earlier. Scipio was with him; but the Professor had remained behind in the Painted Hall.

The two went quickly out on to the ledge by the water's edge, and Martin looked round in every direction. There was not a sign of any living thing to be seen.

Martin turned to Scipio. "The man can't have swum very far, Scipio," he said. "And, personally, I don't believe he would have been fool enough to try to follow his friends that way. If he did swim out, he has probably landed again in some little cleft near by."

"I don't know as he's been swimming at all, Marse Martin," responded the negro.

"How do you mean, Scipio?"

"Why, sah, I mean he might hab climbed up dem dar rocks. Yo' look whar I'm a-pointing."

Martin looked. Sure enough, there was a sort of cleft—what Alpine climbers call a "chimney"—up which the Lemurian might very well have forced his way.

"Yes," said Martin slowly. "It's quite likely you're right, Scipio."

As he spoke he moved forward along a narrow ledge which led to the foot of this curious cleft.

"I wouldn't go out dar, Marse Martin," came Scipio's voice from behind him.

"Why not?" asked Martin, turning.

The movement saved his life, for at that very instant there was a loud rumbling sound overhead, and with a rattle of loose stones an enormous boulder, flung from some unseen height above, came whizzing down. It missed Martin by a mere matter of inches, and plunged into the inlet, flinging up a great fountain of foam ten feet into the air.

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

TOBY

Toby was an insignificant little terrier who, like a true Briton, never knew when he was beaten.

Where he came from was a mystery. He turned up at the British Embassy at Constantinople one day, and in spite of persistent discouragement adopted the Ambassador, and made a home for himself for life.

Nobody wanted him. The Ambassador disliked dogs—so he said. His secretary met him one morning coming out of his room with the little intruder in his arms.

"He wanted to play with me," he said, as he set him down in the corridor, "and I was obliged to pick him up and carry him out."

The dog bore no ill will, for he turned up again at dinner shortly after, while distinguished company was being entertained in great state. His enemy the secretary spied him, and a perfect barricade of napkins shoofed him out of the room.

He retired with perfect dignity in no way abashed; and the next morning saw him at his master's bedroom door. He was not admitted; but when the Ambassador came out, and walked downstairs to his carriage, Toby pattered silently beside him, and hopped in after him.

He allowed himself to be removed without a protest, and disappeared; and nothing more was seen of him till late in the afternoon. They were in Turkey at the time, and the Ambassador, with much pomp and ceremony, was setting out for a row.

There was a great deal of ceremony about everything the Ambassador did, and the occasion demanded a luxurious boat manned with ten rowers and a helmsman.

The little party stepped in and sank down into gold embroidered cushions; and Toby sprang in after them—but only to be promptly grabbed and lifted out. He stood on the quay, and cried till they came back again.

But the next day, profiting by experience, he managed things better. Waiting patiently till they had pushed off, he leapt with one bound to his master's knees, scrambled up on to his shoulders, and licked his face.

He was gently rebuked and lifted down, but from that moment the battle was won. And Toby knew it.

From Constantinople the Suite went to Paris, and there the little rascal suddenly adopted the airs of an autocrat. He would bark at the hall-door till the tall, powdered footman opened to him; and when his master went out for his morning drive on the Bois, Toby would accompany him. If he was not there at the moment they were ready to start, the footman would hold the door open and wait till he appeared.

The tall, dignified nobleman and the humble little terrier were seldom seen apart, and such was the fame of the dog that if you chanced to look up at a certain house in the most aristocratic part of Paris, and asked who lived there, you would be told, "Toby and the British Ambassador."

NEXT WEEK'S BIRTHDAYS & WHAT HAPPENED ON THEM

Sunday, April 20. Admiral Blake, who made England mistress of the seas, destroyed the Spanish fleet in the bay of Santa Cruz, the capital of Tenerife, in 1657, but died on the homeward voyage.

Monday. Froebel, who invented the kindergarten system, making learning easy and delightful to children, was born in 1782.

Tuesday. The Royal Society, a cradle of British science, was founded in 1662.

Wednesday. William Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-

Avon on this date or the day before in 1564.

Thursday. Edmund Cartwright, inventor of the power loom, was born in 1743. Though a clergyman, he was a mechanical genius.

Friday. Oliver Cromwell, "in the world of action what Shakespeare was in the world of thought," was born in 1599.

Saturday. Charles Darwin was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey in 1882, close by the tomb of another immortal Englishman, Sir Isaac Newton.

Fly Away Care, Fly Away Far, Stay Away Long

DR MERRYMAN

"Do you ever do anything in the acrobatic line?" asked the manager of the music-hall performer.

"Only at a certain season of the year," was the reply.

"When?"

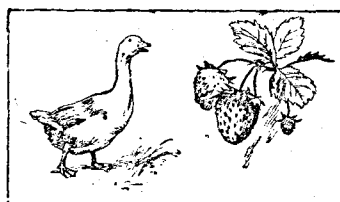
"When there's ice on the pavements."

Is Your Name Amy?

Amy is a Latin name, meaning beloved, and comes from *amala*, which means darling, or loved one. From the same root come the old-fashioned names Amanda, Amoret, and Amyos, common in England in the eighteenth century.

The Wippanny whispers: "I wish My tongue would not swim like a fish; When it waggles its tail, I feel just like a whale, Or a plaice with one foot in the dish."

Puzzle Picture



This picture represents the name of a plant. Do you know what it is? *Answer next week*

The Magnetised Pencil

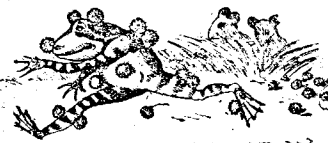
Speaking, as you can easily make occasion to do, of the magnetism of the human hand, you offer to raise a pencil from the table by means of the magnetism lodged in your own fingers. Placing your outspread fingers on the surface of a pencil lying on the table, you raise your hand and the pencil is lifted with it, clinging to your finger-tips.

Though this requires a little practice, it can be done quite easily. If your fingers are well spread out on the pencil, and a slight pressure exerted with the first and fourth fingers, and an inward pressure exerted with the two middle fingers, you will be able to lift the pencil from the table very naturally.

Mr. Frog's Day Out



"Try something nice to eat, Mr. Frog," said the field-mice



But the seeds stuck all over him, and he ran away

The Grocer in Love

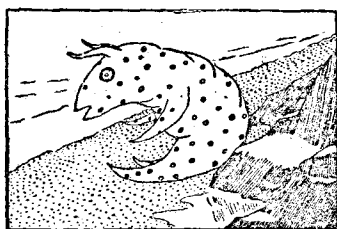
A grocer loved a charming girl, As lovely as the day!
He wondered if she'd marry him, And said, "Let Soap she may."

And straightway to her house he went,
Her lovely face to see,
Exclaiming, "Ah, I know full well
That Cheese the girl for me!"

The girl was very kind, and said
That she was very glad
To see him there, and then remarked
What a bad Coffee had.

At length they wed, and made a pair
By no means ill-assorted,
And happy ever after were,
It's currently reported.

The Zoo that Never Was



The Sandbull

The spotted sandbull cannot swim;
It's really too absurd of him!
But when the rising tide is high,
I rather think he'll have to try!

Do You Live in Edinburgh?

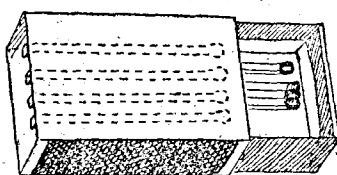
Edinburgh means Edwin's burgh, or town. This town was founded by Edwin, the greatest of the early Christian kings.

"Now, boys," said Miss James, "when we subtract, we must have things in the same denomination. We can't take three apples from six peaches, or four hens from eight cats."

Little Willie looked worried and held up his hand.
"Please, teacher," he asked, "couldn't we take three apples from two trees?"

Matchmaking

Take an empty matchbox and on the inside top of the outer case place four or five matches. Hold these in position, place the tray in the outer case, and half close it. The matches will then be held in position, as shown by the dotted lines in the accompanying sketch.



Now show your friends the matchbox, which will appear to be quite empty. Explain how often it is that one finds his matchbox empty just when most requiring a match, and then go on to say that there is never any need to be up a tree in this respect, because it is very easy to produce matches, when you know how. Close the box quickly, then at once open it again and show the matches lying in the box. A penny, or other coin, can be treated in the same way, but matches, of course, best match the case.

Showing Sydney Smith round a garden, a beautiful girl said to him: "Oh, Mr. Smith, this pea will never come to perfection."
"Allow me, then," said he, taking her hand, "to take perfection to the pea."

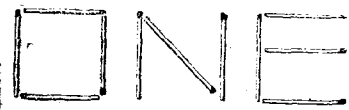
ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PROBLEMS

Rhyming Puzzle

The missing words were long, song, gong, prong, belong, throng, thong, and wrong.

The Three Squares

One match was taken away and the position of two was altered, leaving one, as shown.



ORDER YOUR PAPER
FOR NEXT WEEK NOW

A Stormy Day

"What a guy you are!" said Big Sister Belinda—"in that old mackintosh and those old goloshes. What for? It isn't raining."

"It is going to," said Jacko wickedly.
"Oh, no!" cried Belinda. "It must not do that. I'm going to a party—such a grand one, Jacko! I've got a new frock, and I shall look fine!"

"Peacock!" said Jacko. "There's going to be a storm."
"There isn't," said Belinda. "You are only saying that to tease."

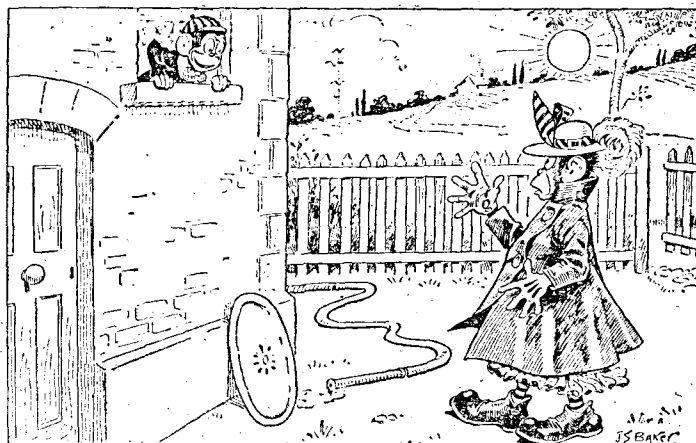
He was only teasing, as his sister said: but directly she had gone indoors, he grinned and ran off to the garden.

He found the rose syringe, filled it, and squirted the water up at her window.

"Oh!" cried Belinda; "it's beginning to rain! That horrid boy said it would!"

Jacko dropped the syringe, and ran for the hose, and turned the tap on. Up shot the water, right on Belinda's window.

"My goodness me!" cried Belinda. "It's pouring cats and dogs!"
Jacko fixed the hose on to the stand, ran into the kitchen, and



snatched up the tea-tray. He took it out under Belinda's window and banged it against his knees in a way he knew; and his sister cried:

"My goodness me! It's thundering!"
Then Jacko pulled out a little mirror and flashed it against the window pane, and the sun caught it, and Belinda screamed:

"My goodness me! The lightning's dreadful! I'm frightened to death! But I must go. I'll get drenched! Jacko! Jacko! Lend me your mackintosh and your goloshes. And, oh, be quick, or I'll be late for the party!"

Jacko grinned more than ever. He fetched the mackintosh and goloshes, and Belinda put them on. She pinned up her grand frock and ran out of the house. But when she got into the road she stopped and looked up. The sky was blue, and the sun was shining, and the ground was dry as dry!

"I don't believe—" she began. And then she caught sight of the hose and the tray, and she looked up at the house.

There was Jacko at the window, laughing fit to crack himself in two.

"You wicked little wretch!" she exclaimed.

But Jacko said:

"You do look sweet, Belinda!"

More of Jacko next week

The Adventures of Augustus and Marmaduke

Good Farmer Weldon kept a bull which was not very tame; In fact, for fierceness Weldon's bull had quite a local fame.

Now, someone said to Marmaduke—Augustus, too, was near—
"If some brave boy would ride that bull he'd nothing have to fear;

If on his back a person sat he'd be so tame and mild,
And purr away just like a cat and wouldn't hurt a child."

Augustus and young Marmaduke (whose Christian name was Jack)

Watched till the bull was lying down, then jumped upon his back.

The bull sprang up and bellowed loud, and leapt a hundred feet; And in the twinkling of an eye each boy had lost his seat.

Wild with rage the bull rushed on and tossed them in the air (I dread to think of their sad fate had not a tree been there).

Augustus and young Marmaduke both landed on a bough, And if you pass that way you'll find both boys there hanging now.



The Wonder Man

Even when he was a boy he was a wonder. With a pencil and a bit of clay he had the power of a magician to surprise you.

He went to a school to learn to be a sculptor, and turned out finer work than the models he was given to copy. He beat the master, and, of course, he beat his fellow-pupils. He laughed at the models they made after hours of patient toil, and he teased them so that one day a lad lost his temper, and gave his tormentor a blow on the face that disfigured him for life.

At fifteen he took a piece of marble, and out of it modelled a faun that people talk about with wonder to this day.

He loved beauty, and his whole life was spent in thinking out new schemes for making the beautiful city he lived in more beautiful still. He would build a great dome for this cathedral; he would carve a bit of sculpture for that niche beside the pillar—nothing was too small, nothing too ambitious.

He became the king of sculptors, and after a while the all-powerful Pope sent for him and set him to work on some schemes of his own. He hated to work to order, but in between the things he had to do he managed to find time for the things that really pleased him.

One, a great Bible hero, stands out far above his other work, the greatest, perhaps, of them all—unless it is the beautiful ceiling of a certain chapel which he covered with hundreds of wonderful figures telling the story of the Creation.

No one thought he could paint; he hardly knew it himself. But the Pope wanted the chapel decorated, and a jealous rival, hoping to bring about his downfall, persuaded the Pope to give him the work.

It was just a trick, and no one but the Pope was deceived.

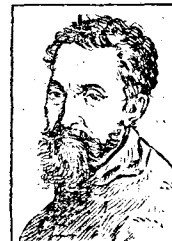
The Wonder Man was furious, but his pride came to his rescue.

They had plotted his downfall; well, they should see. He turned out the men who were sent to help him, locked the doors, mounted to the top of the huge scaffolding, and set to work.

It was a gigantic task, and for days and months and years he lay on his back in the little silent chapel, from morn till night, till his tired body ached.

And then one day he flung open the doors, and the people flocked in and stood in wonder before the thing he had done.

He went from one success to another. His wonderful mind was an inexhaustible storehouse of ideas. He was a hundred men in one. He was sculptor, artist, and architect too—a poet in mind and a genius in execution. No wonder men love his work and come from the ends of the earth to see it. This is his portrait. Who was he?



THE BOY UPSTAIRS LAST WEEK IS HANDEL

The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

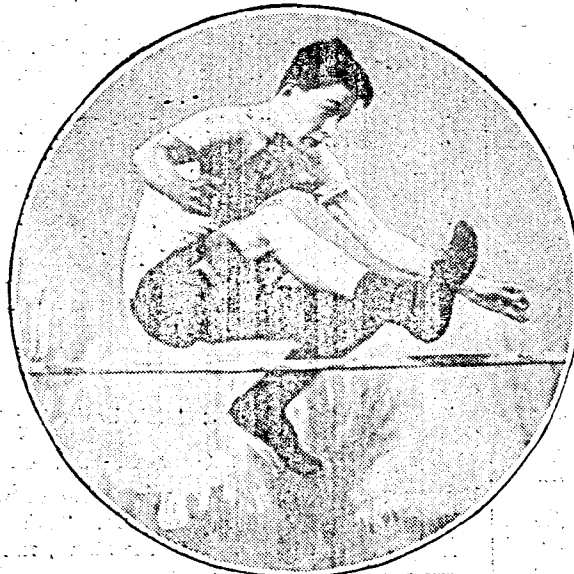
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

Postage of the Children's Newspaper is 1d. anywhere; a year's postal subscription is 8s. 8d. A year's postal subscription to its monthly companion, My Magazine, is: British Isles, 14s.; Canada, 13s.; elsewhere, 13s. 6d. In South Africa and Australasia all subscriptions must go through the agents given below.

EGYPT. BOY OF MONS. LONDON HOTEL FOR BABIES. FOUR HORSES OF VENICE



General Allenby's Intelligence Officers disguised as Bedouins on the banks of the Nile



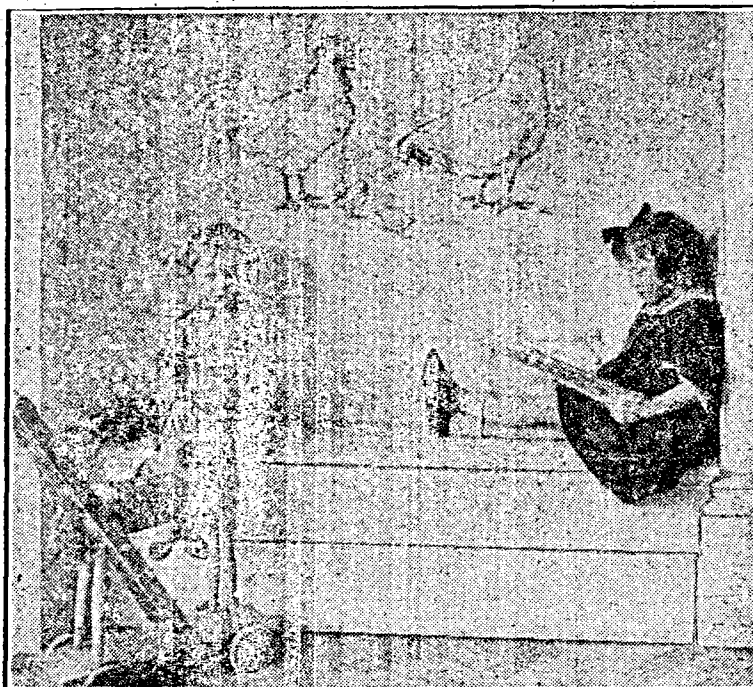
The Winning High Jump in the college sports at Eton



Riding in Rotten Row—A spring morning scene in Hyde Park, London



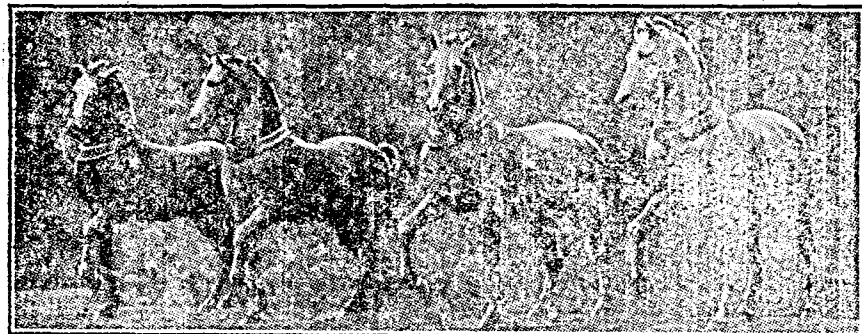
A Friend on the Films—Sturdie, the clever dog that appears in many Hepworth film plays



The London Hotel for Babies Only—Scene in the lounge. The National League of Health takes in residents from birth to 7 years old



Making Fireworks in London for the great peace celebrations this summer



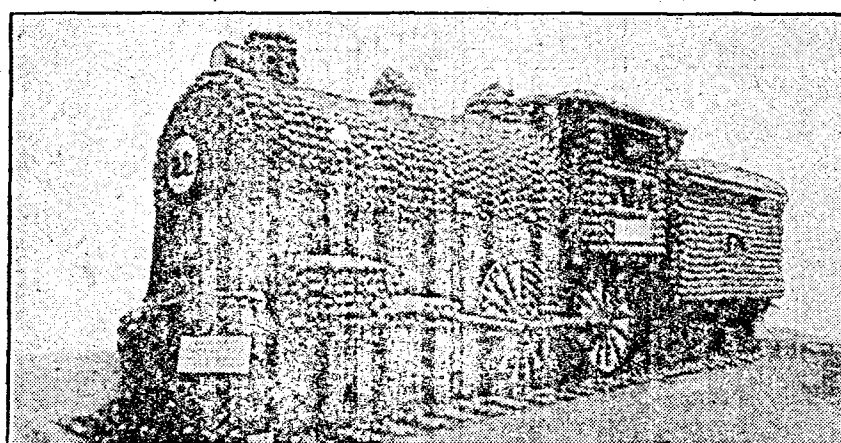
The Most Famous Horses in the World—The four bronze horses from St. Mark's, in Venice, now in Rome, where they were hidden from bombs



Explaining the World in the Schools—How the Children's Newspaper makes lessons interesting in a school in Birmingham



Jack Cornwell's Mother and Sister
See story on page 7



A Railway Engine Made of Apples—The engine, shown at a Californian exhibition, was 26 feet long, and entirely fashioned from the apples



The Boy of Mons—Driver Darvill, the youngest boy to receive the Mons Star

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